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ST. VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Many, many years ago,
Far away in sunny France,
In Lorraine,
The fair domain
Of gallantry and all romance,
Gathered then upon the eve
Of Valentine's appointed day
All the youths and maidens fair,
To honor in their native way
The Saint they held beyond compare.
And thus did run the revels gay:
Upon a slip of paper wrote
Each maid and youth another's name,
Then folded tight the precious note,
And these, together mixed, became
The arbiters of Love's complaints—
Decrees as solemn as the saints;
In short, the messengers divine
Of rare and good St. Valentine!
For when these fateful slips had all
Been thrown together in a heap,
Each youth and maiden, at the call,
With trembling hands and blushes deep,
Drew forth a name,
Which straight became,
As if by Fate's revealed design,
The chooser's year-long valentine!

Ah, happy custom! Sweet romance!
I would that I had lived in France
In those rare times—that is, I mean
If you, too, could have lived, Irene!

But since our lot is cast to-day,
How shall we honor Valentine?
Suppose we imitate the way
Of old Lorraine, and herewith sign
A name upon this folded slip.
What name? What should it be but thine?
There—give me yours, and here is mine
(Your cheek is crimson as your lip).
Ah, can you mean it, maid divine!
The name you've written here is mine—
And I am your own valentine,
As you, my sweet Irene, are mine!

ONE NIGHT'S CRIME;
OR,
A FATAL PASSION.
(LA FILLE MAUDITE.)

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE RICHEBOURG, FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

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PART THE THIRD AND LAST.—THE MYSTERIES OF SEUILLON.

CHAPTER I.

ROUVENAT WISHES TO ENRICH MARDOCHE.

Blanche was sad, Blanche was suffering. She wept often, and snow had fallen on her rosy cheeks. Rouvenat lavished every attention upon her; but neither the touching tenderness of her godfather nor the good words of Jacques Mellier could console her. The brutal revelation made by Francois Parisel had smitten her to the heart. Still, the remembrance of Edmund had also much to do with her sombre grief. The Spring of her life was broken; she felt herself condemned to sorrows without end. What could she expect or even hope for now? The first time that Rouvenat saw her walking with slow steps, her arms hanging by her sides, her head bowed, looking mournfully at the flowers she loved so well, but which she no longer gathered, he was sorely troubled, and, fleeing to the fields, he began to run along the hedge-rows like one possessed.

"And to think that it's all my fault!" he cried. "I swore to watch over her, to defend her—and I have done nothing. Ah, I am a wretch!"

And in his despair the poor man clutched his bare breast and tore his flesh.

"What is to be done?" he went on. "Oh, this Parisel, the wretch! And the other—the other, whom I sent away? She loves him; I see it clearly now. My God, my God, it will kill her! Thunder!" he howled, with savage energy, "were she to be taken ill I should put an end to myself—I should blow out my brains!"

On his return to the farm-house he found the young girl in the courtyard, throwing seeds to a brood of chickens. He took her in his arms and pressed her feverishly to his heart, covering her brow with kisses.

"You are too fond of me," she said.

"No; I don't love you enough, since I haven't known how to make you happy."

"Oh, on the contrary, you have done everything for me," she replied spiritedly. "Besides, I am as happy as it is possible for me to be."

"No, no; you are not as you used to be; you have lost your gayety, your cheeks have grown pale; you never laugh nowadays; you grieve. There, I see tears in your eyes this very moment!"

"But it is not your fault!" she cried. "Come, godfather, knowing what I do, can I be gay? It does me good to weep. Were I joyful, did I sing as formerly, I should be vexed with myself—and you, godfather, you would say that I had no heart. I think of my unfortunate mother, who is taking her eternal sleep in the cemetery at Civry, and of my poor father."

"Blanche, is it really of them, of them alone, that you think?"

"You want to know the truth. Well, I feel that I should have been glad to marry, and proud of my love. But, when these foolish ideas come to me, I drive them away, for I must think only of my lost parents—and of you, too, godfather, whom I love with all my heart. For a poor girl like me, whom the least shock can crush, it is sweet to lean, as I do now, on the arm of a friend! Ah! godfather, if you should die, what would become of your poor Blanche?"

"You must not entertain such gloomy thoughts. I am in sound health, and have no desire to leave you before having accomplished the aim of my life. Only, you see, I don't want you to weep; I want your former happiness to return to you."

"Maybe it will, if, as they say, Time brings oblivion."

"I say, Blanche," resumed Pierre, judging it expedient to change the conversation, "it seems to me that your friend old Mardoche is neglecting you a little."

"I saw him yesterday, godfather."

"Here?"

"No; I met him in Civry."

"True, you went to Civry yesterday."

"With a wreath for my mother's grave. It's singular, godfather, the unknown person who supplies the grave with flowers had brought two more enormous bouquets that very morning, for the petals of the flowers were covered with the night's due."

"Yes, it is surprising. I cannot conceive who it is that has thus cherished the memory of Genevieve. After all, what matters it?"

"But I should like to know this person, godfather, in order to thank her."

"I'll inquire at Civry. But let us return to Mardoche; I must see him and have a talk with him. Did he tell you why he ceased coming to Seuillon?"

"He has been roaming, it seems, in the vicinity of Saint-Irun."

"Absurd," said Rouvenat, with a displeased air." He has no need of running at random so long as he is sure of finding at the farm all he requires."

"That is what I told him."

"Well, when will he come again?"

"One of these days."

"One of these days, one of these days?—that is very vague. If he is not here by two o'clock to-day I shall go up to his rocks; it is absolutely necessary that I should see him."

"Godfather, why are you so anxious to have a talk with Mardoche?"

"Blanche, a few days ago Mardoche rendered me a great service, and—since I must tell you everything—he saved my life. I want to thank him."

"Mardoche told me nothing about it. What happened to you, pray?"

"An accident. I'll tell you about it later. Ah, Mardoche is certainly a very strange man; he expects, no doubt, to avoid my gratitude by keeping away from Seuillon. But he is mistaken; Rouvenat never forgets. I want him to stop begging. Every time he came to Seuillon with his wallet on his back I felt a twinge—my conscience cried to me: 'For shame! you allow that?' Whether he will or no, I shall make him accept a little income that will keep him from want for the rest of his days. And, besides, I have another idea; the masons, Blanche, have been at work on Jean Renaud's old house since this morning. When it is rebuilt, my little one, I'll have it furnished, and as a tenant will be needed for it I thought of Mardoche. What have you say to that?"

"None; but you have such generous thoughts," she said.

"Then you are satisfied with me?"

"Yes, godfather, yes; and if Mardoche raises any objection, you will tell him that Blanche wishes it!"

It was not, as Rouvenat thought, in order to avoid the demonstrations of his gratitude that Mardoche had refrained from coming to Seuillon. The old man had already ceased to think of the service he had rendered Blanche's godfather in drawing him from the well; his mind was occupied with serious thoughts of a different nature. He had not come to the farm solely for fear of betraying himself. He felt that now a word, a look, a tear from his daughter might lead to an explosion between himself and Rouvenat. Ah! had Blanche and Edmund been there alone, he would not have been at a loss to know how to act; but Jacques Mellier rose fatally before him. He was in a blind alley—impossible to advance.

"What can I do? What can I do?" he asked himself, his heart full of anguish, distressed at his powerlessness.

Mardoche not coming, Rouvenat, as he had told Blanche that morning, went in quest of him. He found his man standing before the rocks, in a pensive attitude, gazing into the valley.

"Bless me, it's Mons. Rouvenat!" exclaimed Mardoche, with undisguised astonishment.

"Good-day, to you, Mardoche," began Rouvenat in a very friendly tone. "I see by your face that you were far from expecting this visit."

"True, Mons. Rouvenat. Did you come to see poor Mardoche?"

"If I disturb you, blame yourself. Seeing that you were forgetting the way to the farm, I took the one to the rocks."

"Welcome to my domain, Mons. Rouvenat," replied Mardoche, with a smile. "Is there anything I can do to oblige you?"

"First and foremost," returned Rouvenat, holding out his hand, "shake hands, Mardoche, with a friend. Why have you not shown yourself at Seuillon for the past four days? Was it because you did not wish to be thanked for having done a noble deed? Mardoche, in drawing me out of the well you not only rescued me from death, but restored to the Damsel of Seuillon her best friend and protector. While talking with Blanche this morning I told her that you had saved my life, taking good care, however, not to tell her how I had fallen into the old well; it would have frightened her too much."

"Oh, someone helped you down there, Mons. Rouvenat," said Mardoche, smiling.

"You know what happened, Mardoche? Did you see my assailants?"

"No; but I guessed who they were. Last Sunday I espied the two Parisels stealing through the thickets in the Artemont woods. They are afraid of the gendarmes."

"As they are relatives of my master," said Rouvenat, "I shall not expose them; let them go and lose their necks elsewhere."

"It is quite natural that you should feel so, Mons. Rouvenat," rejoined Mardoche, shaking his head slowly; "but, you see, it is well to avoid wicked people by putting them out of harm's way. The Parisels are still lurking in the neighborhood."

"I'll follow your advice; but those rascals are beneath our notice. Let us talk about yourself."

"About me?"

"The life you lead here, Mardoche, is not a very gay one."

"But it pleases me. I know how to make myself happy."

"Begging is a painful occupation at your age."

"I can't work any more, Mons. Rouvenat."

"True; and, Mardoche, I want to do something for you."

"Ah! and what?"

"I should like to put you in a position that would keep you from all want as long as you live. Blanche is entirely of my opinion. You won't refuse the little yearly income of six hundred francs which I wish to allow you?"

Two big tears glistened in Mardoche's eyes.

"Besides," continued Rouvenat, "you cannot live forever among these rocks, in company with owls and reptiles. At this moment I am having built, or rather rebuilt, at Civry, a little house that belongs to Blanche."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mardoche, deeply agitated. "In three weeks, Mardoche, the house in question will be ready to receive you; for Blanche has decided that you shall live in it. Meanwhile, you shall have a room in the farm-house. Well, are you willing?"

"Mons. Rouvenat," replied Mardoche in a quivering voice, "I may accept your offer—but a little later."

"Why not at once?"

"That will depend on circumstances."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. In helping to draw you from the well the other night I merely did my duty. You are anxious to reward me—I have nothing to say to that. You are generous, Mons. Rouvenat; but there is one thing, perhaps, that you do not know, or have forgotten. I did not save you unaided; there were two of us." Rouvenat started. "I must even tell you," pursued Mardoche, "that I did much less in that affair than the brave fellow who was with me. If you are really determined to reward *me* so magnificently, what would you not do for the one who went down the well at the risk of his life to tie the rope about you?"

"Mardoche," said Rouvenat, with a confused air, "you do not tell me your whole mind. How came that young man to be with you? He must have spoken with you. What did he tell you?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes—yes. Speak out, Mardoche."

"Well, then, one day chance brought him here. He was weeping in despair. Moved to compassion, I questioned him, and he confessed to me that he loved Mlle. Blanche Mellier, and that her godfather, Mons. Pierre Rouvenat, had forbidden him to see her again. I listened to him with interest, and shared his grief. Poor boy! he loves Mlle. Blanche deeply. Mons. Rouvenat, shall I speak my mind? Well, then, I believe he would make your goddaughter very happy."

CHAPTER II.—JEAN RENAUD REAPPEARS.

"No, no," said Rouvenat, in a choked voice, "I do not wish to think of that."

"Why? Do you, then, not wish to marry off Mlle. Blanche?"

Rouvenat gave a sigh and made no reply.

"Yesterday," resumed Mardoche, after a moment's silence, "I met Mlle. Blanche at Civry. I found her very much altered. She suffers, Mons. Rouvenat, as you must have seen for yourself."

"Yes, I know; but the cause of her grief is not what you imagine."

"Possibly, Mons. Rouvenat; but, believe me, her sorrow is increased by the absence of this young man."

"Mardoche, you take a great deal of interest in this young man!"

"I don't deny it."

"Where does he live?"

"He lodged in Saint-Irun, at the inn of the Two Dogs; but, in obedience to your command, he left there and returned to Paris."

"Paris! Does he belong to a good family?"

"He has no family," replied Mardoche, shaking his head.

"No family?" repeated Rouvenat.

"He never knew his father, and he was scarcely six years old when he had the misfortune to lose his mother. The latter, found on a highway on a stormy night in December by some mountebanks, benumbed with cold, dying, breathed her last in the hospital where they left her before her name or native place could be ascertained."

"Frightful!" murmured Rouvenat.

"Did I not fear to bore you, I would tell you what I know about the orphan's history."

"You won't bore me, Mardeche. On the contrary, I am eager to hear it. Go on."

"Well, it may interest you, Mons. Rouvenat," said Mardoche, with a strange smile.

"This young man saved my life, Mardoche, and if I can do anything for him——"

"You will see, Mons. Rouvenat. According to what he told me he came to these parts with the hope of finding his mother's family."

"What! His mother belonged, then, to Franche Comte?"

"He does not know; but it was on the road between Vesoul and Gray that the poor woman was picked up, and that he himself was found."

"Strange!" said Rouvenat.

"Is it not? Now, just figure to yourself the young man's astonishment when, on arriving at Bertaux's the other day, the sight of the two stone dogs before the inn caused him to recollect that he had been there in his childhood! And the innkeeper recollects that years ago a very pretty young woman lodged there with her child for several days."

Rouvenat made an abrupt movement, and his eyes seemed to glow.

"Go on," he said in an oppressed voice—"go on."

"Does it interest you?" asked Mardoche, with an air of simplicity.

"Yes, immensely."

"See how fortunate it is to have a good memory, Mons. Rouvenat. That first reminiscence of his childhood led our young man to recollect further that in the very room at the inn which he himself now occupies a man had visited his mother, and that that individual had taken him on his knees and kissed him long and passionately."

Rouvenat shook violently.

"Really," continued Mardoche, "I see my story interests you more and more."

"Mardoche, the name of this young man—tell me quick, his name!"

"He has only the one his mother gave him."

"Edmund, is it not—Edmund?"

"Wonderful!" replied Mardoche, with well-feigned surprise, "you have guessed it."

Rouvenat breathed quickly aloud, while his eyes beamed with ineffable joy. He seemed transformed.

Mardoche smiled, with his head slightly inclined, and resumed presently:

"I must tell you, moreover, Mons. Rouvenat, that a mountebank—a worthy man by the name of Greluche—who took charge of the orphan's childhood, found in a leather bag belonging to the mother twelve thousand francs in gold. This sum permitted the poor juggler to place him at first in a boarding-school at Dijon, and later in a college at Paris. So Mons. Edmund has been bred a scholar; he is a bachelor of arts and sciences, Mons. Rouvenat."

Unable to control himself longer, the old peasant burst into tears.

"Dear me, you are weeping, Mons. Rouvenat! What ails you?" said Mardoche.

"Yes, I am weeping, Mardoche. Queer, is it not? Excuse me—I could not control my emotion."

"Oh! you need stand on no ceremony with me, Mons. Rouvenat."

And his tears too began to flow.

"Mardoche, Mardoche!" cried Rouvenat, "you are weeping also!"

"Your emotion is too much for me."

"Mardoche, has the young man really left Saint-Irun?"

"He departed four days ago."

A groan escaped Rouvenat's breast.

"How can I find him again now?"

"Are you, then, annoyed at his departure?"

"It grieves me, Mardoche."

"Have you altered your mind?"

"Yes."

"Owing to what I have just told you?"

"Yes, Mardoche; but you cannot know, you do not understand——"

"You are mistaken, I understand very well."

"Is it possible," said Rouvenat.

Mardoche drew himself up, his eyes glistening, and said in a vibrating voice:

"Mons. Rouvenat, the young man that loves your goddaughter, the young man you drove away, the one that saved your life, is the one you betrothed in your heart thirteen years ago to Mlle. Blanche; he is the son of Lucile Mellier, your master's daughter."

Pierre Rouvenat looked at Mardoche wildly. Then, seizing both his arms suddenly, he cried in a stifled voice:

"How do you know that?"

"I know other things, besides. There are three men in the world who know the mysteries of Seuillon: Jacques Mellier, Pierre Rouvenat—*and another*."

"Who on earth are *you*?"

"Look at me. Ah, I am indeed changed since even you cannot recognize me!"

Rouvenat uttered a hoarse cry and recoiled, with his hands before his eyes, as if endeavoring to dispel a harrowing vision; then he stared hard at Mardoche and stammered:

"No, impossible—he is dead!"

"Who is dead? Look at me, look at me; in me you will find a resurrection."

Rouvenat stammered finally, with great effort: "Jean—Jean Renaud—the dead alive—a miracle!"

And with a guttural cry he sprang upon his neck and pressed him close to his broad breast.

"Jean Renaud," he said in a voice broken by sobs—"Jean Renaud among the living! My dear Jean Renaud, is it really you, devoted soul, poor victim? Is it really you I hold in my arms? I understand now the sympathy I felt with the poor beggar. But why did you not say to me: 'Pierre, it is I; I am Jean Renaud, whom you believe to be dead.' What poor eyes I have! It is the long beard, Jean, and your sorrow-furrowed face. But I recognize you now; yes, I recognize those frank, truthful eyes of old. But you are terribly changed, all the same; your voice is no longer what it was. Ah, there is the old smile again! Ah, Jean Renaud, my dear Jean Renaud, let me embrace you once more!"

And the two old men, locked in one another's arms, hugged each other as if their intense delight could never be satisfied. Then they sat down together upon a large stone.

"You want the miracle explained," said poor Jean presently, still trembling with emotion. "It's very simple. That shot merely made a flesh wound in my side—that's all. I was an excellent swimmer in those days; so, when I felt the twinge of the bullet, it flashed upon me that I might hoodwink those bloodhounds of the law. I plunged, as you know, into the Sableuse. I swam as long as I could beneath the surface, and rose finally to view, to catch a breath of air. Then, down I went again, coming up once more in midstream, when I gave a loud shriek, to make those law leaches think that that was the last of me, and the next moment I was out of sight again. They didn't see me after that—for a very good reason; I didn't show myself, swiming under water. Well, I kept on and on, popping my head out of the water only when my lungs refused absolutely to do without more air. Well, I reached finally that part of the Sueur woods which slopes down to the stream. Dragging my tired body into the woods, I hid there, and waited for night. When it came, I stole across the country like a thief. Thus, hiding by day, venturing forth only by night, living I know not how, I succeeded in fleeing beyond our frontier into Switzerland. I never forgot my home and the wife who suspected me of the crime. The older I grew, the more I longed to catch another glimpse of what I had left behind me. And at last the wanderer bent his steps on his long journey homeward; and here he is."

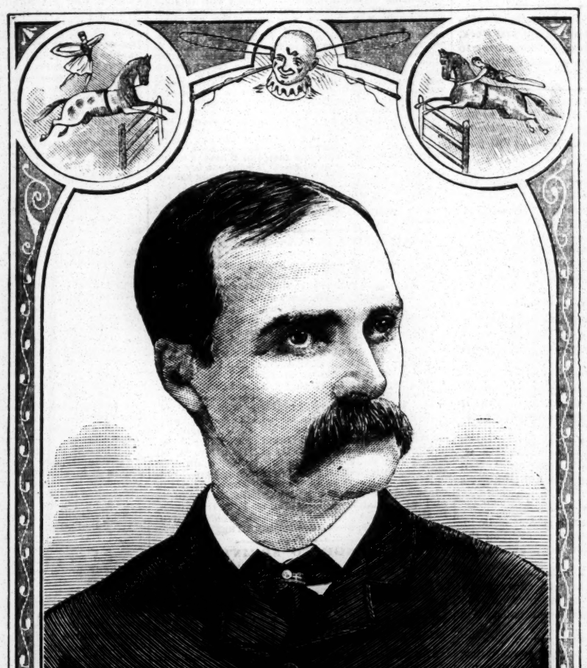
The speaker paused. Rouvenat, taking Renaud's hand in his, said:

"Ah! Jean Renaud, Jean Renaud, you have gone through fire and water for Jacques Mellier. How you must have suffered! We can never repay you sufficiently."

"You have brought my daughter Blanche up in luxury—that is ample reward for me."

"How! you know that Blanche is your daughter?"

Jean smiled and nodded affirmatively.



JAMES L. HUTCHINSON, CIRCUS MANAGER.

"And you are satisfied with her, are you not? Look you, Jean Renaud, there is not a better child in the world than your daughter, my dearly beloved Blanche."

"That is my reward, Rouvenat," whispered Renaud—"the reward of Heaven."

"So you came to the farm and said nothing. Ah! how that must have deepened the wound that has tortured you all these years! You played the part of a beggar well!"

"I am nothing but a beggar, Rouvenat."

"Tut, tut, man, a word from you, and Jacques Mellier would place his whole fortune at your disposal."

"Of what use would his fortune be to me? I cannot make myself known, nor can I claim Blanche; my position is what it was nineteen years ago."

Rouvenat bowed his head with a deep groan. A short silence ensued, broken suddenly by Renaud's exclaiming:

"Ah! no matter, let me continue my sacrifice; I can endure it now, since I have found a beautiful daughter. Poor Genevieve, if she were only here now!"

"It is you, no doubt, who keep her grave strewn with fresh flowers?"

Jean Renaud smiled softly.

"An old man," he replied, "whom I questioned on arriving at Civry, told me that Genevieve was dead and buried in the cemetery there. And," he added, brushing away a tear, "they say, you know, that the dead love flowers."

CHAPTER III.—AN UNEXPECTED BALM.

Renaud then proceeded to tell Rouvenat how he had discovered who Blanche was, and how she had imparted to him the disclosure made to her by the wretched Parisel. Then he told all he knew about Edmund, impressing on his eager listener all the sincerity of the former's love for the maiden, and wound up by revealing the contents of the papers so mysteriously confided to his keeping by the murdered man.

"And to think that its secret, before me, only a few days ago!" sighed Pierre. "He told me that he loved Blanche, and I answered him cruelly: 'You do wrong, I forbid you loving her!' And I ordered him off. Ah! if I had only known! But he will return, won't he, Jean Renaud—he will return?"

"I hope so."

"You are, then, not sure?"

"Rouvenat, if you wish him to return, you must send for him."

"Where can he be found?"

"Here is his address," said Jean Renaud, drawing an envelope from his pocket: "he wrote it on there himself."

Rouvenat read the address, his whole face beaming with joy.

"Ah!" he cried, "I shall not write him to return, I shall go after him myself."

"And now, Rouvenat, what are you going to do? You see the danger of the situation better than I do. Jean Renaud will remain Mardoche the beggar as long as you please. I have already known how to impose silence on my heart; I will stop its throbs. If you think it necessary, I will avoid my daughter for a while. But, Rouvenat, do not let her suffer, find a way to keep her from suffering. You wish to go in search of Lucile's son," he continued in an oppressed voice. "Take care, Rouvenat, take care! If Edmund learns that Blanche is the daughter of Jean Renaud, he will be horrified and ashamed of the love she has inspired in him! Then you will be compelled to tell him that Jean Renaud is not dead, but alive and innocent, and it will be very difficult for you to hide from him the name of his father's assassin. That is not all, Rouvenat; what you will have revealed to Lucile's son you will have to reveal to Blanche. She loves Edmund, I am sure of it. Believing that she no longer has the right to love, believing that she can never be happy again because of her father's blighted name, she is experiencing a violent heartache, intensified by the thought of Edmund. Be sure of it, Rouvenat, so long as she believes herself to be an assassin's daughter, she will recover neither her smile, her gayety, nor her rosy cheeks."

"Yes; but she shall not think so long," said Rouvenat, rising. "Now, let us go."

"Where?"

"To Seuillon."

"Rouvenat, what is your intention?"

"Jean Renaud, a proverb says: 'Where's there's a will there's a way.' I am going to see if I know how to put it into practice. After what you have suffered for Jacques Mellier and Lucile, it were vile to allow you to make another sacrifice for them. Mardoche shall not exist for Blanche hereafter."

"What! you wish to——?"

"Make Blanche our daughter, happy."

"Reflect, Rouvenat, reflect; you are going to tell Blanche——"

"The truth!"

"My God, my God!" murmured Renaud, lifting up his arms to Heaven.

"Then," resumed Rouvenat, "when Blanche knows what you did, when she knows her father, I shall place her in your arms."

Jean Renaud threw himself upon Rouvenat's neck, sobbing. A moment later the two men descended the rugged path that winds down the hillside.

CHAPTER IV.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

In the courtyard of Seuillon, two farm-hands were preparing to sharpen their scythes on a little grindstone.

"Haymaking begins to-morrow," said Rouvenat to Renaud as the two entered the court; "but that won't hinder me from going to Paris. Bless me!" he exclaimed suddenly, "there is Jacques Mellier taking a turn through his wheat-fields; he does not do that often."

"He grows visibly older," said Jean; "he stoops a little more every day."

"He is running to the grave," replied Pierre sadly. "The unhappy man had no mercy for his daughter; remorse is gnawing him. When I return with Edmund in three or four days he will be filled with great joy; but not until Lucile is restored to him will he find any real consolation and peace in his old age."

They entered the house.

"Where is Mlle. Blanche?" asked Pierre of the maid-servant.

"I think she is in her room, Mons. Pierre."

Rouvenat made a sign to Renaud, who followed him upstairs to his room. He opened the door and bade Jean go in, saying to him:

"You will wait for me here. Don't get too impatient; I'll be as brief as possible."

"Oh, treat her gently," said poor Renaud; "be easy, Jean; Blanche is brave. Moreover, it is not happiness that kills."

They grasped each other's hand, exchanged a look, then Rouvenat came to Blanche's door and knocked.

"Is it you, godfather?" asked the young girl.

"Yes."

"You may come in."

Blanche was seated by her window doing some needle-work. The old servant took a chair and sat down beside her, saying affectionately:

"You have been weeping again."

"Come, don't scold me; I'll try to be more reasonable in order not to pain you."

"Scold you? It is not my habit to scold!"

"True, godfather. It seems to me you were absent a long while. Did you see good Mardoche?"

"Yes. We had a long talk together."

"Did he accept?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I am so glad!"

"Blanche, do you know I might be jealous?"

"Jealous!"

"You love old Mardoche so."

"Yes, indeed, I love him a great deal. It is a satisfaction for me to know that he will not be obliged to beg any more. Does he also consent to live at Civry?"

"He did not say no; but nothing is decided as yet. Perhaps he will remain altogether at the farm."

"Then I have nothing to say. You know better than I what is most advisable."

The young girl looked at Rouvenat intensely, and was struck with his joyful air.

"How happy you appear!" she said. "It is easy to see that you are delighted with your visit to Mardoche."

"More than delighted, Blanche; I am not selfish, so I will share my delight with you. Blanche, as you are no longer a child, I can trust you with a secret. Reassure yourself, my child; it concerns your future, your happiness. Yes, you must know this secret, that you may drive away all the gloomy thoughts that crowd your mind. Prepare yourself to hear something that will give you boundless joy."

"What can it be?" soliloquized the young girl, palpitating with emotion.

"Now," pursued Rouvenat, "listen. You know that Jacques Mellier had a daughter—Lucile. Left motherless at an early age, she had received all the affection that the father had been wont to bestow upon the wife he had adored. But Lucile erred. While on a visit to Scotland she made the acquaintance of a young man whose birth was clouded in mystery, and she married him secretly, according to the Scotch marriage law. When she returned home, the young man having followed her, and not daring to present himself to Jacques Mellier, he had cleared up the mystery of his birth, she used to meet him secretly at night. At last her father had his suspicions roused by discovering her stealing into the house late one night. He watched, and, believing in what he saw that the young man had dishonored his daughter, he swore, in his grief and raze, to avenge her. At that time, Blanche, there lived at Civry a worthy man, whose like is seldom seen—Jean Renaud by name."

"My father!"

"Yes. I must tell you, too, that Jacques Mellier had once saved the life of Jean Renaud, who had fallen through the ice in the mill-pond at Fremicourt. The perilous rescue had nigh cost Jacques his own life, and your father could never do enough to prove his everlasting gratitude. He and Jacques had become fast friends from that moment. Shortly after that, Jean Renaud became a soldier, and was ordered with his regiment to the seat of war in Algiers. When he returned to Civry, after having spent about fourteen years in active service, he was received here at the farm with open arms. He again met Genevieve, an old friend of his, who had patiently awaited his return; but she was as poor as himself, and for want of about a thousand francs to begin housekeeping with they could not marry. On hearing of your father's embarrassment, Jacques Mellier forced him to accept the amount needed to crown his happiness, and the lovers were married. You will know presently, Blanche, how your worthy father demonstrated his gratitude to his benefactor for this new act of kindness. I return to Lucile.

"One day her husband wrote to her, appointing to meet her at ten o'clock at night, on the bank of the Sableuse. The letter fell into Mellier's hands and he laid his plans for a dark deed. Now, in the evening of that very day Jean Renaud dropped in for a moment. He had his gun with him. As he had to go to Terroise before returning home, his gun could only be in his way; so he left it below in the dining-room, side by side with Jacques'. A little before ten o'clock poor Lucile stealthfully quit the house. Jacques, on the watch, hastened to the dining-room, took from over the mantel-piece Jean Renaud's gun instead of his own, and rushed out after his daughter. The next morning, Blanche, the cold body of Lucile's husband was found on the road near Seuillon."

Blanche could not help crying out.

"Then, then?" she said in a choked voice.

"Then the Justice-of-the-peace and the gendarmes of Saint Irun, and after them the magistrates at Vesoul, hastened to Fremicourt. An inquest was held. Jean Renaud had returned to the farm in the morning and had taken away his gun. As he had been seen on the eve of the crime with his gun slung over his shoulder, and as he was at Fremicourt shortly after the deed, the suspicions pointed towards him."

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed the young girl in three different tones.

"The gendarmes went to Civry and arrested him."

"Innocent, innocent!" cried Blanche.

"Be calm, little one; I promised you great joy—wait. I will not tell you all the circumstantial evidence that overwhelmed the poor man. First and foremost, almost the first thing that the gendarmes had discovered on arresting him at his home was that one barrel of his gun had been recently discharged. This discovery staggered your father, and part of the truth at once flashed upon him. But I have the official report of his examination in my room; you shall read it for yourself. In order not to accuse Jacques Mellier, his benefactor, he refused to reply candidly to the questions put to him by the examining magistrates. He allowed himself to be indicted almost without a protest. When I heard of this I immediately resolved that, cost what it might, Jean Renaud should escape from the country. Jacques Mellier was for making a full confession at once. But, Blanche, my darling girl, I could not let him do that! However, while enduring our agonizing suspense—in fact, before we could really think of forming any plan—an incident occurred that roused all the fire of your father's wounded manhood, and prompted him to make an effort for his liberty. It was thus: The next morning, while being led from the jail to the carriage that was to convey him to Vesoul, this sublime hero, this martyr, was struck violently on the shoulder by one of his brutal guards, who had had the complacence to find that the prisoner moved too slowly to suit his individual fancy. Jean Renaud, hitherto so docile, so patient, whirled round and smote his aggressor to the ground. Then, quick as a flash, he dashed into the surrounding crowd, cut his way through it, and made for the Sableuse——"

"Where he was fatally shot and drowned," interrupted the young girl, with a heart-rending groan.

"Neither fatally shot nor drowned, little one. He is alive. I heard from him to-day."

"My father alive! And you have heard from him? Oh! oh! oh!"

"There, there, darling," said Pierre, stroking her soft tresses; "you must calm yourself; you must control your emotions, lest you be overheard. You must have a little patience; before I say more about him, I must speak to you further concerning poor Lucile. The very day after her husband's death, she fled from Seuillon after a violent scene with her father, in which he cursed her. She wandered far off, to the Jura Mountains, where, as she subsequently told me, she dragged out a wretched existence by the toil of her hands. There she became a mother. We were totally ignorant of what had become of her, when, one day, a little more than five years later, she wrote me, begging me to come and see her at Saint Irun, where she was stopping. Poor Lucile! how altered I found her! I tried to persuade her to return to Seuillon; but to no purpose. 'I am doomed to suffer,' she replied; 'I cannot fight against my lot. My father cast me off with his curse.' But to see me again, her old friend, had not been her sole object in coming there. She had come, besides, to pray on the grave of the father of her child! And I saw the dear little fellow; I took him in my arms and kissed him, and wept. Lucile had given him his father's name—Edmund."

Blanche made a movement that did not escape Rouvenat, who went on:

"That day, in looking at the innocent child, and thinking of you, Blanche, I betrothed you to each other in my heart. This idea never left me. Later I spoke to Jacques about it, and it was agreed between us that the daughter of Jean Renaud should one day be the wife of Lucile Mellier's son. You know now why all who have presented themselves at Seuillon with the hope of marrying you have been turned away. But more than thirteen years elapsed without our having heard another thing touching the fate of Lucile and her son. Alas! she is dead, no doubt. But to-day, Blanche, the same person that brought me tidings of her father informed me where I could again find Jacques Mellier's grandson, the sole and only heir of the Seuillon estate. Blanche, the young man you saw at Gray, the young man you love, is the son of Lucile Mellier."

The young girl raised her radiant eyes to Heaven, then fell trembling into Rouvenat's arms.

"Oh, I am so happy, so very, very happy!" she cried.

"And you will have no more gloomy thoughts?"

"That I cannot promise."

He looked at her anxiously.

"I shall often think of my poor father wandering alone in a distant land," she said in a languishing voice, "far away from all those who love him, and who would like to comfort him in his old age. Oh, if I could only see him! But tell me what you heard about him. Where is he? Who told you all this, godfather?"

"Why? You have not guessed?"

"Mardoche!"

"Yes, your old friend Mardoche."

"But how did he hear from my father?"

"He met him about three months ago in Switzerland."

"He has seen my father. He knows him?" cried the young girl.

"Yes."

"How many questions I shall have for him!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

"A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S LAMENT."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Ah me! I must have my cry—
Get down, little poodle, and sleep—
When a woman has seen the sight I've seen
'Tis enough to make anyone weep.
I went to the matinee Friday
This afternoon, just at two,
And there sat that dreadful Mrs. La Page
In a bonnet of gold and blue.

No wonder, my poodle, dear,
I weep when I think of all
The trouble and great expense I had
For costumes for street and ball;
And to see that Mrs. La Page,
As I saw her this very day,
With a sealskin sack on longer than mine—
I think I shall

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1881.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

BROWN, Washington.—There was no misapprehension whatever. You did not state to us last week that Brown had bet that "the war did not end until sometime after July 4, 1865." Had you so stated, you would have saved a great deal of research. We would at once have decided such a bet with such a margin Smith on his part having wagered that the war ended with the surrender of Lee, April 9, 1865) a draw. It simply stated by you that "Brown, in accepting Smith's bet, *contended* that the war did not end until the surrender of the last Confederate force, in July, 1865." But contending and betting are different things, and the contention in this case might, for aught we knew, have been simply an argument after the bet had been closed. However, lest it might have been a part of the bet, we stated that, if it were, then the wager was a draw. Both parties agreeing that the war did not end until the surrender of Lee, and it ended long before July, 1865. Instead of simply negativing the proposition of Smith, Brown has gone to work and bet on the basis by stating a distinct proposition of his own. Whether the bet on Brown's part was that "the war did not end until the surrender of the last Confederate force in July, 1865"—which was what we were last week told he was contending—or that "the war did not end until some time after July, July 4, 1865," as we are now told he was betting, we never has drawn.

ELECTION, Hartford.—We hold that in this case the gardener continued the land that was to come to him on Nov. 2, and not on what votes should be cast in December following. Hancock got the Electoral vote of Georgia on Nov. 2. He also got it in December, for at no time was the power of Georgia to give it to him. These parties were not betting on the possible action of Congress relative to the matter. Georgia's vote was cast behind time years ago, and yet it was counted in Congress for the Presidential candidate who had earned it at the November election. Yet it would not have been counted for him if it would have hurt Grant. It was a Republican Congress that proposed to count it if it would do Grant no harm, and to reject it if it would. It should not have been counted, and now a Democratic Congress has refused to count it, although the Republican members proposed to count it because it would not hurt Garfield. Again, Hancock Electors in Georgia might have assembled on the legal day and cast some or all of their votes for Garfield. This would not be at all these October betters have contemplated, and such action on the part of Electors of any State would not have effected this bet.

E. H. D., Sobcayglon.—The horse was entered, and you lose. What you should have bet was that the secretary had no right, under the conditions of the race, to accept the entry. We cannot decide that the horse was not entered, in face of the facts that the secretary took the money, that he told the owner he could trot the horse, and that the horse trotted. All to the protest, the judges were as likely as not, had the matter come to a decision, to have decided that the horse had been fully entered—in fact, you say that two of them have, as it is, expressed the opinion that the horse was entered. No other opinion can be justifiably expressed, whatever opinion may be entertained of the action of the secretary.

H. C. L., Bridgeport.—1. It was not a new game. 2. There is no such thing as calling for safety. 3. In the tournament at pool a special provision was made tending to reduce the amount of safety playing by penalizing certain strokes, whether played deliberately for safety or the result of accident. This penalty was the loss of the game if a certain number of those strokes, sometimes three and sometimes two, were made successively by any one striker. That special provision, which was the only thing new about the tournament, has no application to ordinary games of pool.

M. AND L., Eagle Run.—We decide that Garfield, in getting a minority vote, failed to get the popular vote within the meaning of betters who do not expressly state that they mean by the popular vote. However, the betters themselves are agreed that they meant that Garfield would or would not get more votes that Hancock, than we cannot decide this bet, for a reason we explained some weeks ago. The vote was so close as to allow no adequate margin or he errors that are certain to occur in attempting to ascertain the national vote.

GEORGE MADISON.—You are mistaken. The race in which R. W. Boyd gave John Hawdon four lengths' start, Feb. 14, 1868, was rowed from Scotswood Suspension Bridge to Redheugh Bridge, on the Tyne, Eng., a distance of about three miles, as was stated in the account published in *The Sporting Life* and reprinted in THE CLIPPER soon after the race. The course, which starts at the High Level Bridge and ends at Scotswood Suspension Bridge, is 3 miles 75yds. in length.

H. F., Brooklyn.—1. It wins if he succeeds in making luck and low. 2. The order of counting is high, low, jack, game, sancho and pedro. The game is all-fours, but the additions; and, after the original four points of all fours have been counted, then the highest of the added points counts. It would not serve you if, having two to go, you were to take in sancho. If your opponent had four to go, you would have to wait to see if he could make high, low, jack and game.

A B C, Chicago.—The turning of the club after the jack of clubs had been turned up conferred the luck as having been dealt before there was any misdeal, and it is to be counted. The claim that there was a misdeal should have been made, to render the decision valid, before the cards were dealt and the subsequent club was turned. In the absence of that claim, the presumption is that the misdeal occurred after the turning of the jack.

A READER, Toledo.—J. P. Colston first came into public notice when he was engaged in an attempt to walk 1,000 miles in 500 consecutive hours, in February, 1878. In the six-day race for the walking championship, in this city, April 5 to 10, 1879, he finished third, with a score of 452½ miles in 142h. 41m. 30s. He has taken part also in a number of races in which the contestants were limited to twelve hours traveling daily.

H. S., Lebanon.—We have written to O'Leary in regard to the matter, and will answer as soon as we hear from him. 2. Wahlstrom won first prize in the recent 1,000 tournament in this city. 3. It was a misnomer; we were confident the principals intended it should be what they arranged it. We did not allude to it before or afterwards. We know nothing about that concern. 5. Thank you for calling attention to the matter.

ST. JULIEN CLUB, Ann Arbor.—1. A is not compelled to divide, for the unanswerable reason that he can refuse to agree upon any terms of division. It might as well be argued that A was compelled to sell his house if he had asked B how much the latter would give for it. 2. To make a legal cut at cribbage at least four cards should be lifted from the top or left at thebottom.

A. A. J.—It is a matter of opinion. Even the doctors are disagreed. It is questionable if there is any better than the Adirondack region. The trouble with invalids of that class is that they cannot be brought to realize that there is need of a change of climate until it is too late to benefit them.

O. H. Reed.—See answers in dramatic columns. 2. The Fourth-avenue road used to carry its passengers from the City Hall in the long or steam cars drawn by horses to the round-house in Fourth avenue. It got its charter to carry passengers thus as early as 1832, and probably began to so carry them about that year.

SIXTY, Plattsmouth.—1. The side is out that made low-luck, each having two to go. 2. Every jack counts that is turned up, unless there has been a misdeal, prior to the turning. 3. The Constitution of the United States does not prohibit imprisonment for debt. 4. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

M. D., Fairplay.—Neither got the popular vote except in the sense that everyone who ran for the Presidency on Nov. 2 cast a vote for it if he got any vote at all. No doubtful whether Hancock got more of it than Garfield, or *vice versa*. We explained the matter in our issue of Feb. 5.

INQUIRER, Belleville.—1. The City of Boston belonged to the Inman line. 2. The last port she sailed from was Halifax, in January, 1870. 3. The Cunard steamers between this country and England began sailing in July, 1840.

D. L. & Co., San Francisco.—1. The play being king, king, 3, 4 and 2, all the cards except the second king being played by A, the latter is entitled to three for a run and one for the last card. 2. There are no rules governing that case.

J. MANITOBA, Winnipeg.—A will have to name the game at he will lose. At the recognized three-ball carom game of billiards push-shots are not allowed, and we cannot now call to mind any three-ball game of caroms in which they are permissible.

CONSTANT READER, Salem.—The penalty of B's drawing the eight and calling all the cards in his hand he must have them on the board, along with his own ten-spot, if the latter was on the pile at the time that A made the discovery of B's false play.

J. D. & M., Cincinnati.—New York City is neither a peninsula nor an island, although a portion of it is made up of several islands. Since 1825 about one-fourth of it has been on the mainland, owing to the annexation of a portion of Westchester County.

C. H. B., Bridgeport.—Lord Monck was appointed Viceroy of the Dominion of Canada on June 5, 1867. 2. Charles Dickens' farewell dinner in London, Eng., occurred on the following Nov. 2.

S. S.—*The Sporting Life*, London, through which paper Rowell does his match-making in England, and which is made Governor for the Ashley belt and for the race in question, stated that the challenge emanated from him.

J. M. G., Bradford.—Wm. Miller, wrestler and general athlete, was born near Liverpool, Eng., Dec. 16, 1847. Edwin Nibby was born at Bardsley, Ashcroft, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, Eng., Nov. 15, 1848.

R. S. E., St. Elmo.—Like everything else as to jackpots, the point is played in various ways in various cateries. Agree how to play it when you agree to play jackpots.

A SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—There is no fixed rule for jack-pots. There are of course rules for jack-pots, there being many that the effect is that there are no recognized rules. Both parties are partly right. Draw the line.

F. E., Delhi.—M was out on his claim. The cards need not be played out at cassino, and no one point has precedence over another. First call, first come out, is the rule in brief.

H. E., Montgomery, Orchard Lake.—The greatest distance announced as having been covered by a pedestrian in six days is 508 miles 825 yards, made by John Hughes in the twenty-contest for the O'Leary international belt.

G. W. M., Independence.—Harrison says that Garfield would carry Indiana by six thousand, you win. Had you said "six thousand majority," without adding "over Hancock" or "over the next highest," you would have lost.

OLD TIMER, Jeffersonville.—The son can find out when his father died by writing to the Board of Health and inclosing seventy-five cents, the latter furnishing the death register.

F. E., Kansas City.—We explained in our issue of Feb. 5 that returns are so muddled and so close that we cannot decide as to which got the more votes, Hancock or Garfield.

CONSTANT READER.—The Eckel who was implicated in the Burdell murder case died in the Albany Penitentiary on Dec. 4, 1865.

CLEVELAND.—Frank Hart was a competitor in the race for the Ashley belt in this city Sept. 22 to 27, 1879. Rowell won that contest.

CLEVELAND.—If there was no previous agreement that the gate-money should be divided, then the winner of the match can claim all.

A CONSTANT READER.—Charles Rowell is the champion go-as-you-please pedestrian of the world—a title represented by the Ashley belt.

INTERLOCUTOR, Coshocton.—We should judge that you mean D. G. Croly, who used to be its editor, and may be yet.

NEWSDEALER, Trenton.—Unless the parties had been playing with the latter, or were in the habit of playing with it, it could not be said of by B.

J. D. F.—We cannot speak advisedly as to the single file business, but the great snowstorm in this vicinity that period was in 1856.

R. R., Springfield.—That comprehends the private banker of the Waltham Watch Co., which they would not think of making a bet for any other consideration.

A. B. C. AND D.—The holder of a royal flush can raise his opponents as long as he pleases, even if he is conscious that he cannot be beaten.

SUBSCRIBER, Baroda Springs.—The populations of those cities are: New York, 1,206,577; Philadelphia, 846,980; Brooklyn, 566,689; Chicago, 503,035; St. Louis, 350,522.

E. C. W., Washington.—The usual swallow-tail coat, etc., is full dress for any gentleman, either single or married.

ADROSE, Baltimore.—1. Read "Practical Training," which you can obtain from Ed. James, as per advertised address. 2. See amusement answers.

H. M., Washington.—Your statement does not enable us to say whether he wins or not. You could not win, however. The trick you recite is an old one.

W. S. K., Bridgeport.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for last time. No horse ever ran a mile in a minute and a half.

S. P., Bowdoin.—Both questions are answered in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC under the head of "Fastest time by Steamships."

R. S. B., Hartford.—If the matter is left to our decision, it is that A cannot count the seventeen to eight with an ace either from the board or from his hand.

HARLEM.—If you mean cribbage, we have no time to figure out how many fifteens and how many routines there are in a pack of fifty-two cards.

H. E.—If you will consult a work on natural philosophy, you will save your time. 2. We might point that particular one for an expression of opinion from us?

W. R. Harshaw.—The tower of the Brooklyn Bridge on the New York side is on the east of Roosevelt street. The tootway runs just north of Dover street.

G. W. C., Reading.—A player who pockets his own ball at pyramid-pool scratches, in addition to any balls he may have holed by that stroke.

BERKIVE, Hartford.—Some pictures, like tintypes, are negatives, and show the figure in reverse; but cartes generally show the figure in its natural position.

SUBSCRIBER, Jaxon.—Your partner cannot play alone after you have assisted him, unless it was so understood when play began.

MRS. H. D., Philadelphia.—We ring published three tribunes in our last issue, we are reluctantly obliged to decline the one you send for this use.

TYRANNUS, Montreal.—It is possible to owe more balls to the table than there are in the game, but it is not likely to occur.

WM. G. WILKINSON, Paterson.—Jim Mace beat Tom Allen in New Orleans, during a set-to of two rounds, lasting 45 minutes, at a point near Kennerville, St. Charles Parish, La., May 15, 1858.

TOWNSEND.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

H. P. B.—Apply to the stakeholder, whose address you will find in a notice of the coming race in our athletic department.

TYRUS.—Wm. Harrington and John McLane fought near Hoboken, N. J., in 1838, Harrington winning.

NEXTOWN, Phila.—If you will mention the time of year to which it was held we will hunt it up for you.

ANXIOUS, Indianapolis.—The Ohio vote on the question of negro suffrage was a majority of 38,498 against it.

W. H. S., Jersey City.—Hiram Woodruff died March 15, 1867.

L. P., Rochester.—The new Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls was opened Jan. 2, 1868.

NEW YORK.—We have not published a sketch of the parties mentioned.

F. S., Boston.—See answer to "Owl Club" in THE CLIPPER of Feb. 12.

V. R. K., Dayton.—It is a matter of taste. The old style seems to be preserved by boxers in general.

JOHN F., Phila.—In reality no one can rightfully claim either title.

C. H. B., Toledo.—Better consult some coal-dealer in your place.

A. W., St. Louis.—You can have two pikes on the table at the same time.

L. C. H., Newark.—The origin of euchre is not known. The South has claimed it, and so has Germany.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—A need show only enough to justify his having opened the pot.

F. J. S.—1. B loses. 2. We never before saw the conundrum.

S. A. S.—Your card will cost $2.10 each time as it appears in this issue. For three months, $21.84.

M. R., Brazil.—The eldest child of Queen Victoria is the wife of the Crown Prince of Prussia.

OWL CLUB.—See answer to the same signature in THE CLIPPER of Feb. 12.

M. K., Greenville.—1. William Poole died March 8, 1855. 2. See answers in dramatic columns.

DISSECTANTS, Norwich.—He is out who made the three points he gave, high being among them. Low is useless.

J. E. A.—The boiler of the ferryboat Westfield exploded on July 30, 1871, or nine years ago last Summer.

POKER.—Unless it was agreed to play straight flushes, the four aces win.

LAWRENCE, Boston.—Sixes and threes beat aces and deuces at poker-dice.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Canton.—Address James M. Shaw & Co., 25 Duane street, New York.

M. L. W., Boston.—He cannot withdraw the jack except with the consent of the player who turned it.

MISS MONAHAN, Montreal.—We cannot aid you in the matter.

W. H. F., Saratoga Springs.—A player who has 59 to the good can call pool as soon as his opponent has a scratch.

CHAPPY, Caryville.—A loses, as no such statement appeared.

SUBSCRIBERS, De Soto.—The Great Eastern, as originally designed, was 690ft. long.

W. H. H., Concordia.—What do you call the new rules?

W. R., Rock Island.—We never heard of Mr. Butterfly.

SING SING.—Usually, the penny is required to lie flat.

H., Oconeeo.—See records in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

A. H., Bloomington.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

DEXTER.—See answers in amusement columns.

ANTICIPATION AND REALIZATION.

It is unluckily to be confessed that a good many of the theatrical eggs which were counted at the opening of this season have proved to be without chickens. THE CLIPPER, stretching its memory back over more than a quarter of a century, recalls how almost every theatrical season has opened with a brighter promise than the fulfillment thereof has justified. It did seem, however, that the present season was not only to be more successful than any for a number of years back, but that it was to be really memorable in prosperity. We sincerely wish that we could say that it has thus far fulfilled managerial expectations; but we much fear, if we did, we should stretch the truth beyond the limits of a cheap jack suspender. Perhaps we ought to be thankful that we have got back to so solid a basis as we have. If the present season has, as a whole, fallen short of the expectations of the profession, it cannot be denied that, in exceptional cases, there have been some most remarkable successes. The engagement of Bernhardt, for instance, is one which is likely to long put a niche in the history of the American stage, at once striking and peculiar. It is not necessary to place implicit confidence in the published reports of this lady's receipts to enable one to satisfy himself that she has certainly attracted an immense amount of money to her performances. The season has been noteworthy in that it has given the country a greater number of traveling combinations and a smaller number of stock companies than has been known for many years past—perhaps at any time since the stage in this country has assumed importance. As was inevitable at the outset, a considerable proportion of the numerous companies which took to the road when the season opened have collapsed, while others have merged themselves into more familiar identities. It may be that this combination theory has been carried a trifle too far, but it still remains to be seen whether the public will demand a return to the stock system. Briefly summarized, it may be said that the present season has not proved so successful as those most deeply interested confidently expected; but, perhaps, we ought to feel grateful that it has yielded even the harvest which it has.

WHEN ACTORS are advertised to take part in a certain entertainment, and make no contradiction of such announcement, the public look to them to fulfill their obligation, and perform the parts set down for them in the programme. At the Poe benefit last Friday several prominent performers, advertised to appear, failed to do so, greatly to the disappointment of those who had paid their money to see them. If they were announced without their consent, then it was their duty to apprise the public at once. Keeping silent led the people to suppose that the programme was to be carried out, as advertised. It is true that when such artists as Clara Morris, Mrs. Boucicault, Salvini, etc., *did* appear, the absentees may not be seen *greatly* missed.

THE BALL SEASON is drawing to a close, yet a greater ball season will soon dawn upon us; yea, the baseball season, of which, it is said, the people never tire. Were it not for baseball there would be much more distress in the country than there is; for when the heart is sick and sore, and the mind overwhelmed with conflicting emotions of a painful character, the weary and the heavy laden have only to go to the ball-ground and witness our national game to have every gloomy feeling dispelled and every pain eradicated from the system. Truly, there is nothing half so sweet in life as the baseballer's young dream.

THE BEST USE you can put a minister of the gospel to nowadays is to place him on trial, charged with some scandalous offense. As a consequence of Theodore Tilton's having brought Beecher to the bar, his congregation increased the reverend's salary; and now that Talmage has been acquitted of the charge of deceit and falsehood, the trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle have voted to raise his wages from seven to twelve thousand dollars a year. Who is the next divine to be made a martyr of in this way?

LENT is close at hand, and a good deal of difficulty is experienced in efforts now making to induce hens to attend to their business and lay more eggs than they have been doing of late. Our advice is to give the old hens a little more time; and if they still prefer idleness to industry, then put new hens in their places, and condemn the incorrigible old devils to the gridiron. There is but one course to pursue in regard to refractory and vicious hens, and that is to kill 'em if they won't work.

WHAT'S the matter with Chicago now? It is hinted that that city wants Rev. Dr. Hall to leave New York and take charge of a church out there, offering him a salary of twenty thousand dollars, five thousand more than he gets now. Chicago would be a good field for Brother Hall to operate in, but none of it in his'n. Let the Western city raise its own pastors as we raise ours, and no coveting its neighbor's property, neither its maid-servant, nor its man-servant, etc.

AN INGENIOUS FRIEND of ours has applied for a patent for a new button for coats. It is a valuable improvement on the old contrivance. A man who buttonholes you has no chance at all; for, the moment he gets excited and begins to pull, off comes the button and he falls to the ground, while the button-holed sufferer has time to escape. No man should be without a gross or two of this patent button.

IN THE SHOOT between Carver and Scott in England, the latter was worsted. The day has gone by when adversaries stand aghast at the presence of Capt. Scott or any other of that name. The story of the coon giving in without resistance when he saw that the marksman was Capt. Scott may do to tell to Western people, but here in the East we know better. Such a thing never occurred.

THE INSATIATE Jay Gould is still going around gobbling up newspapers. As he seems to be purchasing shares in none but dailies, and as the dailies he has marked for his prey belong to the Associated Press, there is room for the suspicion that he contemplates controlling the Associated Press with a view to influencing stock-jobbing operations.

SARATOGA has got a trick if it is said—that is, if she does not lean upon a slender read. We suppose we might as well have said in the first place that Charles Reed has contracted with the Australian Trickett to do feats of oarsmanship on Saratoga lake during those dull hours when the club-houses are not open.

AN ACCURATE LIKENESS of Laycock, the Australian sculler, may be seen in another part of this issue of THE CLIPPER. Although defeated in the race with Hanlan, elsewhere reported, he is deserving of praise for the willingness he has shown to meet all challengers since his arrival in England.

ANYBODY who contemplates visiting Chicago within the next ten or fifteen years had better go now, while the Pennsylvania road is carrying passengers right straight through for three dollars each person. Chicago ought to have its census taken while this cheap rate is in operation.

CALIFORNIA must look to her laurels, for London last Saturday went heavily into the business of making the Bartlett pear (pair).

SAD and desolate is the heart of his mother. When the young man learned that he had been expelled from the Terror Baseball Club for engaging in crooked work, he went straight to the barn and sawed his own head off! No wonder she is despondent, for her heart is with the dead.

A MAN came to this city a few days ago to purchase a bill of hardware. On being asked as to his means and security, he calmly replied: "I haven't much cash at present, but I am sole owner of a smallpox hospital, and ——" He was fired out before he could utter another word.

LIKE TOPSY, Vice-president-elect Arthur does not seem to have been born anywhere, nor is it known "where he growed." The subject attracted some attention in Washington, D. C., last week; but Arthur will probably make his calling and election sure at the proper time.

NEXT!—Having conquered the world, so to speak, the "young American sculler" Hanlan will scarcely know what to do with himself in the absence of other competitors. Our sporting friends on the other side of the big drink must wake up, or be forever fallen.

BOYS may save themselves time and trouble by bearing in mind the fact that neither one hen nor a dozen can hatch anything out of a stone egg. Such eggs are only valuable in picking pints or butts against good eggs, and then they never fail to rake the pile.

MIND what you are about now—the anniversary of Washington's Birthday comes off next Tuesday. It is probable that if we didn't keep drumming it into your ears you'd forget all about it, such is the overshadowing influence of a go-as-you-please match.

WASHINGTON, D. C., enjoyed the novelty of a theatre in that city being closed one night last week, because the flood prevented people from getting to it except in boats and balloons, which were not procurable at the time.

PERSONS who attend wrestling matches in this city have only to pay the price of a ticket of admission. They are *not* charged for a night's lodging, as some growlers have tried to make the public believe they are.

THE QUAKER CITY is growing awful good. She has just convicted several contract conspirators, and other political marauders are beginning to shiver as if they had the cold shakes!

THE MITEY STATE of Delaware, as represented by its Grand-jury, thinks more of its little soul than of the great Bob Ingersoll. Delaware is severe upon blasphemers.

PRECIOUS ADVICE.—If a man smite thee on one cheek, do not call the police, but turn unto him the other cheek, and let him smite that also. It is cheaper in the end.

THE MONTH of March is to be made memorable by the inauguration of President-elect Garfield and the go-as-you-please contention between Rowell and an unknown.

TEMPERANCE people ought to be satisfied now, for there is "water, water everywhere," and every mountain and river and rivulet is adding its tribute to the flood.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great elemental strife in Washington last week, our correspondent on the spot informs us that once more "all is quiet along the Potomac."

NOW, you wouldn't think this had been much of a Winter if you could see how barely undressed the ladies are at our Charity and other balls. My! *Such* sights!

GENTLEMEN who steal and burgle complain that the street electric-lights greatly interfere with their business. Why don't they chop 'em down?

RAILROAD TRAINS are reviving the old feat of running in opposite directions on the same track; but, as before, these trials end in dead failures.

PERSONS visiting Wallack's Theatre to see Where's the Cat?" are not obliged to take boot-jacks with them to shy at the alleged feline.

SLEIGHING went out just as sudden as the luncheon fiend goes out when he discovers that the provisions have all been consumed.

WHEN a man is liberal to a fault, is he liberal to anything else?

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BULKLEY, James Henry—An old resident of Philadelphia, Pa., where he was for nearly forty years clerk at the Mayor's Police Court—Philadelphia, Feb. 11, aged 83.

BUTHAM, James (—The oldest American merchant in Cuba. He was the head of a firm that had existed in Havana over fifty years—Havana, Feb. 12, aged 90

BURDETT, Edward—A well-known young journalist of Chicago, Ill.—there, Feb. 11, aged 30.

BOURNE, Isaac A.—An old resident of Nicholasville, Ky., and one of the magistrates for the town district—there, Feb. 11, aged 68.

CARRINGTON, John B.—Editor and proprietor of *The New Haven Palladium*, at one time editor of the Courier in Connecticut, having followed journalism for fifty years—New Haven, Feb. 11, aged 73.

CANTI, Cesare—A well-known Italian author—Rome, Italy, cable dispatch dated Feb. 8, aged 76.

CONASAKEURAT, Joseph—The most remarkable of the Indian chiefs of British North America, and head of the Oka tribe—Caughnawaga Village, Canada, Feb. 7.

CARY, William Edward—Secretary of the Belfast Fire-Insurance Company of this city—East Orange, N. J., Feb. 7, aged 66.

COLESBERRY, Isaac G.—Assistant Appraiser of the port of Philadelphia, Pa., under Presidents Lincoln and Grant—Philadelphia, Feb. 10, aged 52.

DEVEREAUX, Captain John—One of the most successful shipping masters—Danvers, Mass., Feb. 6, aged 79.

DWIGHT, Amos T.—An old resident of this city, where he was a director in the Home Fire and Commercial Marine Insurance companies—here, Feb 6, aged 74

ELLIS, Captain Jesse H.—An old resident of Buffalo, N. Y., and identified with lake and canal transportion for many years—Buffalo, Feb. 10, aged 68.

ESPE, General George H.—He had served with distinction as colonel of the Fourteenth Ohio Infantry during the late war. At its close he practiced law at Washington, D. C. Lately he had been residing in this city—here, Feb. 6, aged 60.

ENGLE, Rev. Daniel—An old and prominent minister of the Dunkard Church—Hummelstown, Pa., Feb. 9, aged 91.

EVERARD, P. L.—A well-known picture-dealer of London, Paris and Brussels—London, Eng., cable-dispatch dated Feb. 12.

FORBES, Charles Edward—A Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in 1848—Northampton, Mass., Feb. 13, aged 84.

FARMER, Ed P.—A veteran of the War of 1812, and one of the first settlers of Southern Illinois. In early life he was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had served a term in the Indiana Assembly—Bloomington, Ind., Feb. 5, aged 87.

GIRALDO, Fco. Fernandez—A member of the Spanish Cortes—Havana, Cuba, Feb. 12.

GATTEAUX, Jacques Edouard—A noted French sculptor—cable dispatch dated Feb. 12, aged 93.

HART, O. T.—An ex-Mayor of Galion, O.—there, Feb. 8.

HARKIN, Dr. William—A member of the Dominion Parliament for Prescott—Toronto, Ont., Feb. 11.

HAY, Andrew K.—A member of Congress from New Jersey from 1849 to 1851—Trenton, N. J., Feb. 7.

HYNES, Andrew R.—At one time Recorder of San Francisco, Cal.—there, Feb. 2, aged 65.

HOLDEN, Wm. Sam H.—A well-known lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y.—there Feb. 7, aged 50.

KENNEDY, Thomas—A well-known resident of this city, where for many years he was engaged in the widely known among hardware men throughout the country as the president of the Branford Lock Company, which he organized in 1866—here, Feb. 9, aged 60.

LUTTER, John—An old resident of Wiata, Wis., where he was at one time Sheriff and had held other offices of trust—Sheboygan, Wis., Feb. 7.

MITCHELL, Daniel Q.—A leading lawyer of Madison County, N. Y.—there, Feb. 8.

MAWHINNEY, John—A prominent resident of Oil City, Pa., and one of the pioneers of the oil business. He was president of the Oil City Savings-bank, treasurer of the Oil Exchange, and a director of the Gas Company—Oil City, Feb 8.

MANSCHAL, Benoist—One of the oldest native-born residents of St. Louis—there, Feb. 9, aged 92.

MUSGRAVE, Sir Richard C.—Member of the British House of Commons for East Cumberland—cable-dispatch dated Feb 10.

MERCALFE, Henry R.—An old resident of Staten Island, N. Y., which he had represented in Congress, besides serving terms as Public Administrator, Surrogate and County Judge—Richmond, S. I., Feb. 8, aged 76.

MATILE, Peter-see George A.—of the Patent Office. He had written treatises upon international law that are regarded as standard authorities in France and Germany—Washington, D. C., Feb. 7, aged 68.

PIERSON, George H.—Postmaster of Salem, Mass., for the past eleven years—Salem, Feb. 8

PITMAN, Benn, M. D.—A prominent physician of Boston, Mass., where he had practiced for many years—there, Feb. 11, aged 55.

OSBERSHOM, Henry Garret—Postmaster at Frankfort, O.—there, Feb. 8, aged 60.

RUDD, Rev. George R.—For many years a prominent Presbyterian preacher, and at one time president of the Auburn Female Society—Lyons, N. Y., Feb. 1, aged 80.

ROCKWELL, Simeon D.—One of the oldest job printers in Buffalo, N. Y.—there, Feb. 11.

SCHRECKLER, Magdalene—A centenarian—here, Feb. 5, aged 102.

SMITH, Vivas W.—A veteran journalist of Syracuse, N. Y., where he established *The Syracuse Journal* about half a century ago. In 1873 he was appointed Canal Appraiser—Syracuse, Feb. 8.

STORM, Peter—One of the oldest members of the Milwaukee Board of Trade—Milwaukee, Wis., Feb 6.

SCHELL, Edward—A well-known musician of Baltimore, Md.—there, Feb. 9, aged 44.

SINGER, Captain Thomas—An old resident of Philadelphia, Pa. In his early life he followed the sea, and for many years previous to his death he was president of the Sea-captains' Association—Philadelphia, Feb. 12, aged 87.

SMITH, Charles Minot—Formerly President of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company. He had served with distinction in the late war, and was brevetted brigadier-general—Philadelphia, Feb. 13, aged 53.

TWEEDY, William S.—An old and well-known resident of Buffalo, N. Y.—there, Feb. 11, aged 77.

TOWNSEND, William—An old resident of Columbus, O., who had served three terms in the Ohio Assembly, and represented the United States in a diplomatic capacity at Chili during the administrations of Presidents Pierce and Buchanan—Columbus, Feb. 5, aged 72.

TAYLOR, Edmund—A prominent resident of Wilkesbarre, Pa., and himself formerly a County Judge—there, Feb. 8, aged 77.

TITUS, B. Wes.—A leading resident of Trenton, N. J.—there, Feb. 12, aged 60.

UHL, Herman—A well-known resident of this city. He was appointed Paymaster-general by Governor Tilden, and received the position under Gov. Robinson. He was for several years business-manager of *The Staats Zeitung*, a paper his father had founded. He was a treasurer of the Liederkranz Society, an officer of the German Hospital Society, and one of the Brooklyn Bridge trustees—here, Feb. 13, aged 59.

VERNON, William—An old and respected resident of Chicago, Ill. In 1865 he was appointed Auditor of the Illinois Central Railroad, and occupied that position until 1878, when he resigned—Chicago, Feb. 3, aged 80.

VOGS, Mina—A native of Holland, who is said to have been 101 years old—this city, Feb. 9.

WOOD, Fernando—A prominent resident of this city. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 14, 1812, but has resided in this city since 1820. He was three times elected Mayor, serving in that office during the years 1855, '56, '57, '61 and 62. He had represented a Congressional district of this city for many years in the House of Representatives, having served in the Twenty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Fortieth, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Congresses, and had been re-elected to the Forty-sixth Congress, where he was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means—Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 13, aged 68.

WIRT, Henry B.—A well-known lawyer of Elkton, Md. lawyer, Feb. 8.

WELD, Seth J.—One of the oldest residents of Woonsocket, R. I.—there, Feb. 9, aged 78.

WOLF, Jacob—A well known lawyer of Cincinnati, O. Several years ago he served a term in the Ohio Legislature —Longview, O., Feb. 9.

WHEELER, John C.—An old resident of this city. In early life he was a resident of Seymour, Ct., where he held the position of postmaster for twenty years—here, Feb. 8, aged 84.

ATHLETIC.

THE HOLSKE-DRISCOLL AFFAIR.

Hoping thereby to, in a measure at least, clear away the stigma attaching to his name by reason of the part it is alleged he played in the recent walking-match with Dennis Driscoll, in which the supporters of the latter were defrauded, in whole or in part, of their money by persons whom it was not thought would be guilty of such barefaced conduct, E. C. Holske requests the publication of the following explanation, which we insert, leaving our readers to judge for themselves:

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Allow me through your columns to say a few words relative to my late match with Driscoll. I have been troubled for some time past more or less with bronchitis and nasal affections. At the time of signing articles with Driscoll I was pronounced by an eminent physician as being cured, and I accordingly signed articles with W. A. Hoagland of Auburn, N. Y., whom I defeated in a walk at that place. On my return I contracted a severe cold, which affected my throat and lungs to such an extent that I was compelled to neglect my training, and therefore did not go to the mark in so good condition as I might have been. To that and to that only do I attribute my defeat. Had I been in good health I venture to say Mr. Driscoll would have had a harder race. As regards my having signed an agreement with Boston parties binding myself to throw said race, I wish to state that the report is merely a rumor sent abroad by some malicious person who came on with Driscoll and his party. I defy any person or persons to produce any agreement signed by me whereby I contracted to throw any race, and in support of this I will give $50 reward to the man who will produce my signature, with proof of same. All I can say is that I was beaten on my merits, having held Mr. Driscoll too cheap on account of former easy victories over him. Regarding Mr. Armstrong's actions, I will simply state that I have no control over him, and cannot be held responsible for his movements. My trip to Newark was made to get money held by him for Geo. Hosmer; but I did not succeed, on account of several of the boys having taken him from me, and I have not seen him since. Mr. Driscoll beat me fair and square, and walked in excellent form; therefore he deserves all money won by him in our late race, and I have done all in my power to see that he got it. I believe in fair play, and, if I ever meet with a future similar opportunity of Mr. Driscoll again, I would prefer seeing all things straightened. At the present time my health will not allow of my training for any severe task. Thanking you for your kindness in inserting the above, I remain yours, faithfully, ED. C. HOLSKE.

ATHLETICS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The athletes of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology held a Winter meeting at the gymnasium, on Boylston street, Boston, Feb. 12. The different competitions resulted as follows: Vaulting —W. L. Ripley (82), 7ft. 2in.; H. H. Duker (82), 6ft. 3½in. The hitch-and-kick was won by C. T. Sturgis with 7ft. 11¾in., over G. L. Heins and G. J. Foran. In climbing the rope H. H. Duker was victorious, and in the horizontal-bar performance G. Whitney, on one hand, beat Foran and Heins, between J. Duff, F. H. Briggs, B. G. Collins and F. E. Came, representing the class of '81, and E. T. Sturgis, G. H. Norris, F. M. Haines and A. S. Pratt, class of '84, best two in three, the '84s proved easy winners. The running high jump was won by W. L. Ripley with 4ft. 11in.; H. H. Duker, second, with 4ft. 10in. In putting the shot F. O. Harriman scored 30ft. 6in. and H. H. Duker 26ft. 7in. In the exhibition on parallel bars by H. H. Cutter, H. H. Duker and K. Kwong, the latter a Chinese student, won the first prize, performing many difficult feats; Duker was second. The concluding contest was a tug-of-war between the classes of '84 and '84, the former proving victorious. The judges were R. Herrick, E. C. Hillyer and F. B. Richards, winning two heats, after an exciting struggle.

CHALLENGE TO SPRINTERS.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 10, 1881.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* In the New York CLIPPER of Feb. 12 I see that Noah Makinson, on behalf of Daniel Rodgers, has forfeited fifty dollars to me by not complying with the conditions of the match with Geo. H. Smith. Therefore I now authorize you to republish my challenge, to run open until March 1, and the forfeit to be one hundred dollars, which amount you now have in your hands. Yours, very respectfully,

D. A. BERLIN.

The challenge was to match Smith to run any man in America, bar J. T. Crossley and C. J. McIvor, 125 or 150 yards, for $250 or more a side.

O'LEARY INTERNATIONAL BELT.

Appended is the second challenge which we have received directed to the holder of this trophy, who so far has given no intimation of his intention in the premises:

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 11, 1881.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed please find draft for one hundred dollars, being entrance-money for H. F. Brown, to contend in the race with John Hughes and George Watson's Unknown for the O'Leary international belt of the world. Please acknowledge receipt to yours, very truly, MARK H. MOLLAN.

THE O'LEARY BELT.—The third contest for the trophy representing the American go-as-you please championship, six days, now held by Frank Hart, commences at Madison-square Garden, this city, on Monday morning, Feb. 28, continuing until the following Saturday night. Up to the time of going to press we had not heard that anyone besides Frank Hart (holder) and John Ennis (challenger) had entered. Some think that Dan Herty, the English pedestrian, who in several contests last year demonstrated the possession of mar

BILLIARDS.

SCHAEFER vs. SEXTON.

These men are to come together again on Tuesday night, Feb. 15, at the Cooper Institute, when the public will be given a taste of cushion-caroms. For the purpose of illustrating that game two better players could not be chosen, as Sexton's style will typify all the dash of which the game is possible, while Schaefer's will probably develop the fifteen-to-twenty-carom nurse of which the game is susceptible in the corners of the table. Any runs above that will ordinarily be due to losing the balls and getting them together again in about the same corner, a fortuitous combination that rarely occurs more than once in an inning. Sexton will make no special effort to utilize the corners. If the chance comes to him handily to nurse, he will do it; but in the main he will do as even Schaefer will have to do seven times out of ten—trust to luck for breaks all over the table. We speak of cushion-caroms as a game; but it is nothing of the kind, since it cannot be systematized, nor can a player, away from the corners, see three shots ahead. This makes it a discouraging style of play to practice, and for this reason it can never be fully developed. It is not likely that the contest of Tuesday night will end before half-past twelve, unless caroms run all one way on the side of Schaefer. This is a view that gives Sexton an advantage, even conceding that in general execution, having practiced little of late years, he is not his equal of Schaefer. Sexton is likely to play just about as well when he is behind as when he is ahead, if the chance comes to him; but it is not certain that Schaefer can do this, although it is pretty certain that a cushion-caroms very few chances to catch up will come to a man who is behind, unless he be of a sanguine temperament. The chances come, of course; but they are of a kind that are not encouraging to the man in the rear, and he does not improve them to the same degree that he would if he were ahead, or that he would if behind at almost any other game. Then, again, it is another peculiarity of this style of play that the leader, or perhaps an hour, one man can do all the work, and yet make no run above ten. The balls cannot be controlled to any great extent, and Fortune is not impartial. The average of this game of 400 points is liable to be all the way from 20 to 40. Schaefer wins, it should be at least three and a half, but Sexton can win it on less than two and a half. There have been a few bets at evens so far. The heavier bettors are looking for odds of 100 to 80, at which figures they will back the man who has not been in practice for two or three years past. There have been rumors around town that in practice Schaefer has been running 75 and 80, and that once he ran 116. Doubtless these rumors have got out of Schaefer's room, and are to his disadvantage to them. The man who runs 40 at cushion-caroms is doing something that will probably not happen to him again the same day, and 45 is good enough to last a week. Schaefer has been making runs in the thirty-block quite frequently; and he will be content if he runs thirty three or four times against Sexton. He once ran 35 and 32 at this game; but there have been several players who have made the highest of their lives almost in the course of public games in which they have engaged, and Schaefer can easily play all his life at cushion-caroms and never again run 35 in a public match, whereas someone whom Schaefer can easily beat will come along and run 50. When Schaefer ran his 35, Sexton could almost have discounted him at that game. It would be wise, perhaps, not to look for many runs above 35 in this match, even if the "average" should be thrice as high as when Schaefer ran 35.

STRAY SHOTS.

The attendance upon the games in Bombay, India, between cook and steward, for the benefit of experts, has been rather light.....Harry Callahan of Sexton's room was again an invalid last week.....A fifteen-ball tournament is to begin at Thomas Morrissey's room, Syracuse, N. Y., on Feb. 21, and it is expected that it will last a week. Entries are to close on the 19th. The proprietor offers one hundred and fifty dollars in prizes, with an entrance-fee of five dollars. It is open to all, which, so far as we know, is the only feature that The CLIPPER cannot commend. Those who have set this fifteen-ball-pool professionalism a-rolling will have much to answer for in course of time. The ball was not set in motion in Syracuse. This paper raised its feeble voice in protest when the attempt was made to establish a championship at fifteen-ball pool about three years ago. Billiards can stand a certain amount of professionalism. Too much will ruin it, and the excess will accumulate much faster also on pocket billiards than on billiards called fifteen-ball pool. Unless something is done to check not so much the playing of fifteen-ball pool as the public displays of that playing, second-hand billiard-tables will be bought in this country for fifteen dollars per dozen of five years, and slabs will be laid on the sidewalk to save the expense of cartage. If pool, harmless enough when engaged in by amateurs in the good, old-fashioned way pecuniarily, is made a means of play by professionals—and such playing means scarcely more or less than gambling—let the games be treated as games of draw-poker are treated. There is a place for everything. Nothing can be scandalous that is not made so. There is not, as regards the matter of skill, so much difference between ball-pool and draw-poker that one can be absolutely justified as a game of skill and the other unqualifiedly condemned as a game of chance. In fact, it takes more real skill to become a highly good poker-player than a good ball-pool player. In a year's time, we have always maintained, an A No. 1 ball-pool player can be made out of a fifteenth-rate billiardist; and as for the latter, only those words of ours that were ridiculed at one period, they are now matching a little boy, who did not know what a billiard-room was two years ago, to gamble with bearded men at this game of ball-pool. It is the facility with which men can become pool-players that is destined to make billiard-tables cheap in this country.....Edward Cahill, who in the long-ago was the partner of Wm. Goldthwait in the room at 185 Sixth avenue, was on Feb. 7 elected a member of Tammany Society. Time has dealt kindly with Cahill, and he is now almost a millionaire, while Goldthwait is where he was before he first came to this city—that is, in Boston.....Edward Banker, champion of Massachusetts, and another millionaire—that is, for Boston—now rarely takes cue in hand, and is seldom seen in a billiard-room.....James Murphy, until recently at William Sexton's room, last week entered the cushion-caroms handicap in that position in which he is so valuable a man —bankeeper.....In the Legislature of Pennsylvania last week a bill of significance reached its second reading. It makes it a misdemeanor for any saloon, billiard-room or other place of entertainment to allow pool-playing, "or any other game of chance," for drinks. The scandal has been only that boys have been allowed to play for drinks or cigars in these almost disgraceful ways; and yet, naturally enough, the reputable billiard-rooms, which would not permit boys to play pool even for amusement, are to become the chief sufferers, in consequence of the law being made so broad as to prevent *men* from playing for drinks. If the bill becomes a law in Pennsylvania, it will be imitated in other States: many of the people who own tables cannot afford to have them lying idle, and they will utilize them by means of some other game than pool to evade part of the new law; and then is to be feared a sweeping statute against billiards of all kinds.....The Jolly Corks Association, of whom William Sexton counts as three, on the night of the 11th inst. gave a reception to the Ked-side Association of Club at their club-room, 169 Bowery.....Only a beginning. On the 11th inst. there was introduced into the Assembly of this State a bill that prohibits the sale of liquors or beer to any one under the age of sixteen, and that makes it an offense if the proprietor of any public house permits them to engage in pool or "any game of chance." Herein lies the trouble. Pool-playing embraces both chance and skill, and so does draw-poker. Is ball-pool is fitted more a game of chance than billiards proper; but if our legislators take a notion to arbitrarily regard ball-pool as a game of chance because public sentiment forces them to so regard draw-poker, they may go further and make billiards proper a game of chance for the purposes of the statute. And if there is reason to prohibit boys of sixteen from playing, there is no good reason that boys of seventeen and eighteen should not be allowed to play pool or billiards, and we will go on until every male not manifestly thirty years of age will, if he wishes to play pool or billiards, have to carry in his pocket a certificate of birth to show that he is over twenty-one; and all because a few "drummers" have been trying hard to earn their commissions by inducing barrooms, cigar-stores and oyster-saloons to put in a billiard-table and hoist the brazen sign "Free Pool for Drinks."..... The strange shifts peculiar to cushion-caroms were again exemplified last week in a striking manner. Sexton undertook to discount John Swanton of Park row in a string of 100. Ordinarily, he cannot discount him by a game of 500, which is also quickly had in the hands of

AT THE ELKS' BALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

She was a dear little dear,
And he was an elegant Elk;
They met at the ball this year—
Or rather, out of sight walk,
And her hair was old-gold—the fash'nable hue—
Which she'd honestly purchased with gold that was new!

You might have surmised from the dash
Of this Elk—from his very glance—
From the curl of his small moustache—
That his forte was the song-and dance;
Indeed, he'd no parallel, near or far,
In the role of a paralyzing star!

Now, a ball of the Elks is one
Of the things so purely delightful
That, could old Solomon
Have taken in one night full
Of the pleasures which now are known to the few,
He'd have ceased to grumble that nothing was new!

So thought the dear little dear,
As she gazed on the Elk by her side,
Now bending her head to hear
His compliments boldly applied;
Now blushing and pouting and turning away,
When he said just the thing she knew he would say!

"You're not a professional, are you?"
He asked, and she shook her head.
"If you were, you'd know what star you
Would resemble most?" he said.
"Venus!" Then, seeing her dress' pattern,
He added: "Venus, supported by Saturn!"

Thus wit in a ceaseless strain
From the lips of that Elk did come,
As sparkling as was the champagne;
Though, unlike it, it never was Mumm!
(If the pun I here hide makes you sick of this verse,
Pray, reflect that with Heidsick it might have been worse!)

So the ball rolled merrily on,
While the Elk and his sidereal
And the eyes of that little dear shone
With a lustre as strange as new;
For, however with conscience the thought may have clashed,
The Elk and the dear were equally mashed!

No matter just what he said,
Or just what the dear didn't say;
Enough that her cheek grew red,
That he sighed in a Romeo way,
And pointedly hinted what might befall
From these meetings thus, by chance, at a ball.

Now, in one of the pauses between
The Lancers the dear inquired:
"Pray, who is that creature in green?
She has stared at me till I am tired!
What a figure she has—what eyes—and what hair—
She must be forty and—look at her stare!"

"Yes, I see," the Elk made reply;
"You mean the lady beside
The old bloat with a squinting eye,
False teeth and a bulldock's hide—
Oh, yes, I've known her for half my life—
In fact, my dear little dear, she's my wife!".

For a moment her eyes shot fire,
Then coldly the dear replied:
"You're a fiend—a fiend, I declare,
And permit me to say, on my side,
That the 'bloat' you're so very pleasantly painted
Is my husband—pray, let me make you acquainted!"

CAST UPON THE WORLD:

A STORY OF AVARICE AND CRIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHAS. E. PERRINE (C. E. NEWTON, DRAMATIST),
Author of "Out at Sea," "Antoinette Labarre," "A Night of Horror," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

Nat raised the unconscious girl in his arms, and bore her gently towards the miserable cot, upon which he laid her as carefully as if she had been a sleeping child. His eyes rested compassionately upon her features, which, under the uncertain light of the solitary candle, resembled those of a statue cut in cold, white marble, so colorless were they. But for the faint sound of breathing, barely distinguishable, she might easily have been mistaken for a corpse. The careless man of the world stood for some minutes gazing upon the helpless girl before him, wrapped in silent admiration of her matchless beauty.

"Poor child!" he at last exclaimed tenderly. "She has received a heavy shock."

Then he bethought himself and turned suddenly towards the spot where her assailant had fallen beneath his well-delivered blow; but he was astounded, chagrined, and recovering the man was gone.

"The wretch! I must not permit him to escape so easily. This poor child may be able when she recovers consciousness to give some information which will lead me into his arrest. I will summon a carriage, and have her conveyed at once to her home."

He quite overlooked the fact that he possessed no knowledge of where her home was; but, bewrinned, useless and weak as he was, he shuffled from the room and into the street. The locality was a poor one, to which carriages were almost unknown, but five minutes' brisk walking brought him into a busy thoroughfare, through which dashed hither and thither vehicles of every description. He was not long in finding a disengaged coach. The driver, after some hesitancy in consequence of our hero's extraordinary appearance, consented to engage with him, receiving in advance more than double his regular fare. Nat sprang into the coach, and was driven back to the house. Eagerly he hastened through the dark passageway and entered the room where he had left Ella ten minutes before. The light still burned, but the cot was unoccupied—the room was empty. He was dumbfounded. Seizing the candle, he explored the passageways and vacant rooms above, but no trace of the missing girl could he find. Then he dismissed the carriage, and, putting on his hat and coat, went out into the streets, and walked until the first rays of dawn began to appear.

* * * * * * *

It was after midnight when a policeman, patroling a lonely street, suddenly came upon a well-dressed female, wandering along in a state of delirium. Believing her to be one of the demi-monde, and finding her unable to give her address, he took the station-house. There an examination proved that she was not under the influence of liquor, but very ill—that the blood in her veins was boiling with fever, and that her condition was critical. She was unable to give any account of herself, and there were no papers about her person by which her identity could be established. She was, therefore, conveyed to one of the hospitals. The next morning's *Herald* recorded the fact of a beautiful insane woman having been found by the police wandering the streets at a late hour the previous night—nothing further. This unfortunate one was none other than the heroine of our story.

Weeks rolled by, and, while poor Ella was the suffering inmate of an hospital, Nat Garvin, on board the ship Sea Gull, was sailing over the ocean towards Australia, the Eldorado of his dreams.

When Ella was admitted into the hospital, the attending physician entertained but slight hope of her recovery, although, as he informed the nurse under whose charge she was placed, she might linger almost unconscious in a state of coma for some time. At length, however, a marked improvement in her condition became apparent. The nurse, a kind-hearted soul, who had taken a strong interest in her charge from the first, discovered upon her every attempt, yet her recovery was slow, and it was three months before she was able to sit up.

It was while she was convalescing that she told her humane attendant part of her sad history, withholding, however, her own connection and avoiding all allusion to Frederick Norton and his cruel persecution of her. She had reposed confidence in the girl Mollie, and had been betrayed, and she felt, therefore, but little inclination to trust a stranger a second time. She simply revealed that her father's sudden death had left her destitute and alone, and explained how utterly incapable she was of making her way in the world. The nurse's sympathies were touched with pity for the young, inexperienced and almost penniless girl, and she at once decided to do the little to assist her that lay in her power. She had a friend who did quite an extensive business as a dressmaker, and employed several girls during the busy season, and to her she wrote, soliciting employment for Ella. The dressmakers, being in want of assistants, consented to receive her in her establishment, and give her a home and some little remuneration until she succeeded in acquiring sufficient knowledge of the business to be of more value to her; so, when Ella was discharged from the hospital, she went to Mrs. Dutton's dressmaking establishment, where she set diligently to work to penetrate into the mysteries of the modiste's profession. A visit made by her to the house where Mrs. Belden had lived, and where she had boarded with her, one evening after working-hours, revealed the fact that the lady had moved away and the house was tenantless. She found her new life by no means an agreeable one, for she was obliged to work early and late, and to bear silently oftimes the jeers and cutting remarks of disagreeable companions—black-mouthed companions—girls who were far beneath her in point of intellect, culture and morals, and in addition to this her patroness was oftimes unreasonable and irritable, yet she bore it all without a murmur, and strove to satisfactorily perform her duties. It was something like two weeks after she had entered Mrs. Dutton's employ that she was sent by that lady to a prominent drygoods store to match a piece of goods, and while fulfilling her mission, and was hastening back, when the parcel she was carrying slipped from her hand and fell to the pavement. A poorly-dressed young man, who was passing at the time, picked it up and politely restored it to her. As his eyes met hers, he started and exclaimed:

"Pardon me; I am not mistaken in addressing you as Miss Thorndyke, am I?"

The mention of her name—the name she was striving to conceal—from a stranger seemed to freeze the marrow in her bones with fear. His face was totally unfamiliar to her, yet he knew her name. Who could he be? Before she fully realized what she was saying, she had replied to his inquiry in the affirmative.

"I was sure I was not mistaken," he replied. "You do not remember me, of course, though I used to see you often at Niagara Falls more than a year ago. But you have changed very much since then."

"Changed indeed!" she said, half aloud. Then she raised her eyes towards the face of the stranger again. Surely, there was nothing evil in its expression.

"You are unhappy—miserable!" he said. "Am I wrong when I accuse Frederick Norton of being the cause of your unhappiness?"

"You know him?" she cried eagerly.

"Know him! Would to Heaven I could answer 'No.'" he replied.

"I—I do not remember ever seeing you before," she said; "yet you speak as if you knew something about my past life."

"I am acquainted with one of its saddest events," he answered. "Yet it is by no means strange that you should not recollect me, for I was merely a hireling—a man of all work about the hotel where you stopped at the Falls; yet I sympathized with you deeply in your affliction, for I knew the man whose charge you would become."

"You refer to Frederick Norton. You know something about his inner life, do you not?" asked Ella eagerly. "I know him also to be a villain disguised as an honest man. I know him to be capable of any act of perfidy through which he could achieve a cherished object," replied the young man. "O Miss Thorndyke! I was a man once who could hold himself erect, and feared no one. It was he who made me the degraded wretch who stands before you!"

"You, too, have suffered through him? Oh, sir! tell me how," implored Ella, laying her hand imploringly upon his arm.

"I will," he replied, "although in doing so I recall the bitterest incidents of my life. Let us walk along while I relate my story."

They turned into a quiet side-street, along which they proceeded slowly.

"My name is Robert Stanford," he began. "I was only twenty-two years of age when I first became acquainted with him, and my inexperience and impulsive nature made me an easy dupe. I looked upon him from the first as the soul of honor and my ideal of true manliness. We were both employed by the same firm, and out of business hours were almost constant companions. Together we attended places of amusement, and sometimes visited rather questionable resorts. Through him I made the acquaintance of actresses and men about town. One night he asked me to loan him one hundred dollars; he knew that I had only the day previous received a remittance from my widowed mother. I complied with his request, and the next day he handed me a check drawn to his order by our employers for double the sum of his indebtedness, requesting me, as I was going to the bank to get it cashed, to retain what was due me, and return the balance to him. I called his attention to the fact that the endorsement on its back was not in his usual handwriting, and added that I should never recognize it as his. He replied that he had injured his right hand, and was obliged to write with his left. Then for the first time I noticed that his right hand was bandaged. I presented the check at the bank, where I was known. It was cashed. The next day I was arrested for the forgery of our firm-signature. I declared my innocence, and stated the truth, calling attention to the fact that the check was drawn in favor of Norton—hose endorsement it bore, but they failed to recognize the signature as his. I explained that it had been written with his left hand, in consequence of his having injured the other. He was sent for. He coolly denied all knowledge of the matter—avowed that his right hand was perfectly sound, and extended it to prove his statement. The bandage was gone. No explanation was looked upon as a mere subterfuge. I was tried, convicted of forgery, and sentenced to prison. Yes, Miss Thorndyke, I have slept upon a pallet within a grated cell, eaten the prison-fare, and worked beside the common felon. I have passed years within prison-walls for his crime."

"Poor fellow!" And the tears started to Ella's eyes. "You have indeed suffered; but is there no way we can bring about the punishment of this wretch?"

"None," he replied gloomily. "I am powerless; I dare not face him. I escaped from prison—a word from him would send me back again. I walk the streets in fear lest I should meet him; but I shall soon be relieved of that anxiety, for tomorrow he sails for Europe."

"For Europe!" echoed Ella.

"Yes," he responded.

"I understand the object of his journey," she said. "He goes to secure the property my father left at his death. He takes advantage of an unjust will, made years ago. He has wrested from me everything—except my miserable life."

The earnestness of her manner moved him.

"If I could only think of some plan to prevent his accomplishing his object, how happy I should be! How glad it would make me if I could by some means force him to restore all that he has so cruelly deprived you of! Did your father leave his property to this man?"

"Some years ago, in a fit of passion, he made a will in his favor," she answered; "but there was another and a later one—I say it only the night before my father's death, but afterwards it could not be found."

"The unprincipled wretch destroyed it, no doubt!" he exclaimed. "He sails to-morrow. I have an idea. I know the captain of the Denmark, the vessel upon which he has taken passage. Perhaps, if I was to ask him, he would take me across to England. Once there, I would not fear the clutches of the law. I would dog Norton like a hound, and perhaps discover some irregularity in his transactions which would lead to the overthrow of his base schemes. There I could face him, if need be, for I should have no fear of extradition in my case, and accuse him openly of his duplicity, and wreak vengeance upon him for the wrongs he has done us both."

"Oh!" said Ella earnestly, "how grateful I should be if you could force him to restore to me only a small portion of my father's estate!"

"Who knows but you may?" he said. "I may succeed in doing so!" exclaimed Robert, his eyes flashing at the thought. "I can at least try. I swear that from this moment it shall be the business of my life to hunt this villain down—tear off the mask underneath which his true character is concealed, and disclose his despicable character to the world!"

A change came over his features. His mouth assumed a firmer expression, his eyes shone with a clear light, and all of his face wore an air expressive of determination and power of will; and Ella, noticing this sudden metamorphosis, felt her heart grow lighter, for a new hope sprang up within her breast, which she might but earnestly prayed might not die as suddenly as it had been born.

"I must leave you now," and Robert extended his hand to her. "I will lose no time in seeing the captain of the Denmark. He was an old friend of my father's. He knew me when I was a little fellow, and I doubt very much whether he will refuse me passage for such services as I may be able to render on board the vessel during the voyage."

"I shall be very anxious until I learn the result of your effort!" exclaimed Ella, grasping the extended hand. "You will let me hear from or see you by evening, will you not? Here is my address," and she hastily wrote upon a pencil on one of Mrs. Dutton's cards and handed it to him.

"I shall see me by seven o'clock," he said.

"God grant you may succeed," she replied, and so they parted.

As Robert Stanford turned and retraced his steps, he failed to notice a man who stopped suddenly on the opposite side of the street and looked sharply after him for some seconds, and then crossed over and followed him at a distance.

CHAPTER XI.

Soon after seven o'clock that evening Robert Stanford called on Ella, and informed her that he had succeeded in making an arrangement with the captain of the Denmark on that vessel the following day. The motive of his journey he had kept secret. The captain was ignorant of his having been convicted of crime, and as an excuse for his anxiety to sail at once he was obliged to depart from the truth, and stated that he had a friend in England who had procured for him a very desirable situation, but that he had not the means to pay his passage, and unless he availed himself immediately of the opening offered he would lose it, and the captain, in remembrance of a great kindness once done him by the young man's father, did not hesitate to grant his request.

While these two unfortunates sat together in Mrs. Dutton's private parlor, Frederick Norton was quietly smoking a cigar and slowly pacing the floor of his apartment in the Metropolitan Hotel.

"So, to-morrow," he said to himself, "I undertake another voyage across the Atlantic, and when I return to this country it will be as a rich man. What a fool I was to attempt that girl's life, through Morry and Scanty! I am glad they failed, for I believe the story about the will was false. She will soon ask me into the home of poverty, and once in its depths she is harmless. I'll venture to say she already regrets the cutting, proud words she spoke to me."

Someone knocked at the door. He opened it, and found one of the hallboys standing without, who presented a card. He took it, glanced at it, and then said:

"Show him up."

The boy withdrew, but soon reappeared, followed by a tall, rather carelessly-dressed and hard-featured man, whom he ushered into Norton's presence. Norton, motioning his visitor to a seat, said:

"Well, Trig, you have found the information I gave you to be correct, I presume?"

"Perfectly."

"Then I have a request to make."

"I'll grant anything in reason."

"The vessel leaves her wharf at one o'clock to-morrow. I ask that you will defer taking the final step until ten minutes before that hour."

"Very well; I'm agreeable."

"I have an object in asking the postponement."

"No doubt of it," responded his visitor. "You're one of the kind, I imagine, who never do anything without an object."

"I should be a fool if I did."

"And you're anything but a fool, or I've made a great mistake in my estimate of your talents," said Trig, rising and approaching the door. The two men bade each other good-night, and Norton, having lighted a fresh cigar, resumed pacing the floor. He was evidently in a very happy state of mind, for occasionally he would laugh to himself and rub his hands together in unmistakable glee.

* * * * * * *

The Denmark was to start within an hour on her voyage across the broad Atlantic, and her dock presented the usual scene of bustle and confusion. A coupe drew up before the gang-plank of the steamer. The driver, springing down from his seat, opened the door, and Frederick Norton stepped out upon the pier. He stood for a moment looking about him, then his eye evidently rested upon the person for whom he was searching; for he smiled and nodded, and a moment later his visitor of the previous evening—Trig—pushed his way through the crowd and approached him. They talked together in a low tone for a few minutes, then Norton shook his companion's hand and boarded the vessel, and Trig turned and was soon lost in the crowd.

It was nearly one o'clock. Those who had gone on board the steamer to bid friends or relatives farewell and God-speed were notified by signal that they must leave the ship. As they passed over the side, many of them looked back with tearful eyes upon the faces of loved ones that looked down from the decks above. The last loiterer had passed the wharf, and a score of men were about to haul away the plank, when a man, almost breathless, rushed forward. It was Robert Stanford. He was in the act of ascending the plank, when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. He turned, and his eyes rested upon the face of Trig.

"Not so fast, my man," said that person; "I want you."

"Want me!" exclaimed Robert.

"Yes," replied Trig. "I arrest you;" and he threw back the lappel of his coat and exposed to view the shield of a detective.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Robert. "Arrested!"

"Yes, as an escaped convict," replied Trig roughly.

Robert's head fell forward upon his breast. At the same moment a faint cry issued from the crowd, and Ella Thorndyke tottered forward and fell upon her knees before the detective.

"Do not take him back to prison!" she cried, lifting her hands pleadingly. "He is innocent. The man who committed the crime of which he is accused is on board that vessel now. Do not let him escape!" She looked up. The steamer was some distance from the wharf. "Too late! too late!" she sobbed.

"Yes," murmured Robert, as a shudder ran through his frame; "I must go back to my gloomy cell and eat the hard prison-bread again."

From the deck of the Denmark Frederick Norton had witnessed the scene upon the dock, and, with a cruel smile of satisfaction on his lips, he muttered:

"You both played your hands well, but I had one trump too many for you."

CHAPTER XII.

It was after a long and tedious voyage that Nat Garvin one day stepped ashore in the town of Melbourne, Australia. The gold excitement was at its height, and men were flocking by hundreds to the mining districts, from where were received almost daily wonderful reports of the immense mineral wealth and rich discoveries. Yet in the midst of this wild whirl of delirium and surging mass of humanity Nat remained cool and passive. In former days he would have plunged into the mad current, trusting blindly to chance to bear him to prosperity or ruin, but now he felt that he had succeeded in expelling from his breast the reckless spirit of the gambler, and he thanked Heaven for it.

He had been in Melbourne two weeks, during which time he had kept a sharp lookout for some substantial business opening. One evening he started down to the water-front, and was looking off upon the bay, when two men came along and seated themselves upon a small pile of timber near him.

"I tell you, my boy," said one, "there's a fortune in it, and it's a shame we haven't the money to establish it."

"But we haven't," replied the other, "and therefore nothing remains for us but to make an effort to get back to England or try the mines."

"To do either of which we must have money," replied the first speaker. "Then what would become of the women? They can't dig. Remember, there are twelve of us in the same predicament, and between us there is not more than five pounds all told. I never saw a better company so thoroughly wrecked. All we want is a theatre and a manager, with a little capital to put us on our feet again. Why, the fellows here throw their money about like dirt. See how they pack Her Majesty's every night, and a more wretched company than they have there never trod the boards!"

Nat had reached the strangers, and entered into conversation with them, in the course of which he learned that they were actors—members of a theatrical company which had come from England with a person of reputation and experience in dramatic affairs for the purpose of opening a theatre in Melbourne. The theatre not being completed on their arrival, the manager decided to take his company through the mining camps and towns, giving a limited number of performances in each. The undertaking was attended with success; but about a fortnight before the time set down for the return of the troupe to Melbourne the manager was waylaid and robbed one night of the entire proceeds of the venture. Two days later he died from the effects of the injuries he had received, and the company was left like a regiment without a commander. After meeting with many hardships and discouragements, they, however, succeeded in making their way back to Melbourne, but only to find the theatre they expected to occupy in the possession of another company, which had arrived from England in their absence, and secured it by the payment of a larger sum than their late manager had agreed to give. The new company was a very indifferent one, yet it was meeting with the most flattering success, while they—twelve in number, four ladies and eight gentlemen—thorough artists, were almost penniless and without prospects.

Nat evinced considerable interest in their narrative. He inquired of them how much money would be necessary to erect a substantial building suitable for a theatre, but they had not the remotest idea—in fact, their knowledge of business matters appeared to be of a very limited nature. He was, however, rather favorably impressed with their idea regarding the establishment of a theatre. The evening he talked the matter over with an American, whose acquaintance he had made since his arrival in Melbourne, and who, like himself, was looking after something more certain of returns than gold digging. His new acquaintance expressed himself confident that another theatre in the town, properly conducted, would pay handsomely. They made inquiries about the stranded company, and learned that it was made up of excellent dramatic material. Then they consulted a builder, after which they counted up their cash, and arrived at the conclusion that they had enough between them to build a cheap but substantial theatre. They entered into partnership, and five weeks thereafter a new place of amusement was thrown open to the public. The enterprise met with success from the start.

In two years Nat Garvin was a wealthy man. That he was a happy one no one doubted, but sometimes he felt a yearning for his native land, and when the feeling was strongest upon him there appeared before his mental vision a face—a beautiful girlish face—in a frame of wavy chestnut hair, but colorless as alabaster, upon which the flickering rays of a miserable candle seemed to fall, and his heart would throb, while he wondered what had become of the lovely creature whose life he had discovered, only to lose a moment later. Sometimes he permitted his imagination to draw strangely romantic pictures, in which she—that unknown—constituted his memory—constituted the central figure. But, alas! while fancy depressive of determination and power of will; and Ella, noticing this sudden metamorphosis, felt her heart grow lighter, for a new hope sprang up within her breast, which she might but earnestly prayed might not die as suddenly as it had been born.

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Soon after seven o'clock that evening Robert Stanford called on Ella, and informed her that he had succeeded in making an arrangement with the captain of the Denmark on that vessel the following day. The motive of his journey he had kept secret. The captain was ignorant of his having been convicted of crime, and as an excuse for his anxiety to sail at once he was obliged to depart from the truth, and stated that he had a friend in England who had procured for him a very desirable situation, but that he had not the means to pay his passage, and unless he availed himself immediately of the opening offered he would lose it, and the captain, in remembrance of a great kindness once done him by the young man's father, did not hesitate to grant his request.

While these two unfortunates sat together in Mrs. Dutton's private parlor, Frederick Norton was quietly smoking a cigar and slowly pacing the floor of his apartment in the Metropolitan Hotel.

"So, to-morrow," he said to himself, "I undertake another voyage across the Atlantic, and when I return to this country it will be as a rich man. What a fool I was to attempt that girl's life, through Morry and Scanty! I am glad they failed, for I believe the story about the will was false. She will soon ask me into the home of poverty, and once in its depths she is harmless. I'll venture to say she already regrets the cutting, proud words she spoke to me."

Someone knocked at the door. He opened it, and found one of the hallboys standing without, who presented a card. He took it, glanced at it, and then said:

"Show him up."

The boy withdrew, but soon reappeared, followed by a tall, rather carelessly-dressed and hard-featured man, whom he ushered into Norton's presence. Norton, motioning his visitor to a seat, said:

"Well, Trig, you have found the information I gave you to be correct, I presume?"

"Perfectly."

"Then I have a request to make."

"I'll grant anything in reason."

"The vessel leaves her wharf at one o'clock to-morrow. I ask that you will defer taking the final step until ten minutes before that hour."

"Very well; I'm agreeable."

"I have an object in asking the postponement."

"No doubt of it," responded his visitor. "You're one of the kind, I imagine, who never do anything without an object."

"I should be a fool if I did."

"And you're anything but a fool, or I've made a great mistake in my estimate of your talents," said Trig, rising and approaching the door. The two men bade each other good-night, and Norton, having lighted a fresh cigar, resumed pacing the floor. He was evidently in a very happy state of mind, for occasionally he would laugh to himself and rub his hands together in unmistakable glee.

* * * * * * *

The Denmark was to start within an hour on her voyage across the broad Atlantic, and her dock presented the usual scene of bustle and confusion. A coupe drew up before the gang-plank of the steamer. The driver, springing down from his seat, opened the door, and Frederick Norton stepped out upon the pier. He stood for a moment looking about him, then his eye evidently rested upon the person for whom he was searching; for he smiled and nodded, and a moment later his visitor of the previous evening—Trig—pushed his way through the crowd and approached him. They talked together in a low tone for a few minutes, then Norton shook his companion's hand and boarded the vessel, and Trig turned and was soon lost in the crowd.

It was nearly one o'clock. Those who had gone on board the steamer to bid friends or relatives farewell and God-speed were notified by signal that they must leave the ship. As they passed over the side, many of them looked back with tearful eyes upon the faces of loved ones that looked down from the decks above. The last loiterer had passed the wharf, and a score of men were about to haul away the plank, when a man, almost breathless, rushed forward. It was Robert Stanford. He was in the act of ascending the plank, when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. He turned, and his eyes rested upon the face of Trig.

"Not so fast, my man," said that person; "I want you."

"Want me!" exclaimed Robert.

"Yes," replied Trig. "I arrest you;" and he threw back the lappel of his coat and exposed to view the shield of a detective.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Robert. "Arrested!"

"Yes, as an escaped convict," replied Trig roughly.

Robert's head fell forward upon his breast. At the same moment a faint cry issued from the crowd, and Ella Thorndyke tottered forward and fell upon her knees before the detective.

"Do not take him back to prison!" she cried, lifting her hands pleadingly. "He is innocent. The man who committed the crime of which he is accused is on board that vessel now. Do not let him escape!" She looked up. The steamer was some distance from the wharf. "Too late! too late!" she sobbed.

"Yes," murmured Robert, as a shudder ran through his frame; "I must go back to my gloomy cell and eat the hard prison-bread again."

From the deck of the Denmark Frederick Norton had witnessed the scene upon the dock, and, with a cruel smile of satisfaction on his lips, he muttered:

"You both played your hands well, but I had one trump too many for you."

CHAPTER XII.

It was after a long and tedious voyage that Nat Garvin one day stepped ashore in the town of Melbourne, Australia. The gold excitement was at its height, and men were flocking by hundreds to the mining districts, from where were received almost daily wonderful reports of the immense mineral wealth and rich discoveries. Yet in the midst of this wild whirl of delirium and surging mass of humanity Nat remained cool and passive. In former days he would have plunged into the mad current, trusting blindly to chance to bear him to prosperity or ruin, but now he felt that he had succeeded in expelling from his breast the reckless spirit of the gambler, and he thanked Heaven for it.

He had been in Melbourne two weeks, during which time he had kept a sharp lookout for some substantial business opening. One evening he started down to the water-front, and was looking off upon the bay, when two men came along and seated themselves upon a small pile of timber near him.

"I tell you, my boy," said one, "there's a fortune in it, and it's a shame we haven't the money to establish it."

"But we haven't," replied the other, "and therefore nothing remains for us but to make an effort to get back to England or try the mines."

"To do either of which we must have money," replied the first speaker. "Then what would become of the women? They can't dig. Remember, there are twelve of us in the same predicament, and between us there is not more than five pounds all told. I never saw a better company so thoroughly wrecked. All we want is a theatre and a manager, with a little capital to put us on our feet again. Why, the fellows here throw their money about like dirt. See how they pack Her Majesty's every night, and a more wretched company than they have there never trod the boards!"

Nat had reached the strangers, and entered into conversation with them, in the course of which he learned that they were actors—members of a theatrical company which had come from England with a person of reputation and experience in dramatic affairs for the purpose of opening a theatre in Melbourne. The theatre not being completed on their arrival, the manager decided to take his company through the mining camps and towns, giving a limited number of performances in each. The undertaking was attended with success; but about a fortnight before the time set down for the return of the troupe to Melbourne the manager was waylaid and robbed one night of the entire proceeds of the venture. Two days later he died from the effects of the injuries he had received, and the company was left like a regiment without a commander. After meeting with many hardships and discouragements, they, however, succeeded in making their way back to Melbourne, but only to find the theatre they expected to occupy in the possession of another company, which had arrived from England in their absence, and secured it by the payment of a larger sum than their late manager had agreed to give. The new company was a very indifferent one, yet it was meeting with the most flattering success, while they—twelve in number, four ladies and eight gentlemen—thorough artists, were almost penniless and without prospects.

Nat evinced considerable interest in their narrative. He inquired of them how much money would be necessary to erect a substantial building suitable for a theatre, but they had not the remotest idea—in fact, their knowledge of business matters appeared to be of a very limited nature. He was, however, rather favorably impressed with their idea regarding the establishment of a theatre. The evening he talked the matter over with an American, whose acquaintance he had made since his arrival in Melbourne, and who, like himself, was looking after something more certain of returns than gold digging. His new acquaintance expressed himself confident that another theatre in the town, properly conducted, would pay handsomely. They made inquiries about the stranded company, and learned that it was made up of excellent dramatic material. Then they consulted a builder, after which they counted up their cash, and arrived at the conclusion that they had enough between them to build a cheap but substantial theatre. They entered into partnership, and five weeks thereafter a new place of amusement was thrown open to the public. The enterprise met with success from the start.

In two years Nat Garvin was a wealthy man. That he was a happy one no one doubted, but sometimes he felt a yearning for his native land, and when the feeling was strongest upon him there appeared before his mental vision a face—a beautiful girlish face—in a frame of wavy chestnut hair, but colorless as alabaster, upon which the flickering rays of a miserable candle seemed to fall, and his heart would throb, while he wondered what had become of the lovely creature whose life he had discovered, only to lose a moment later. Sometimes he permitted his imagination to draw strangely romantic pictures, in which she—that unknown—constituted his memory—constituted the central figure. But, alas! while fancy

dangerous or disgraceful so long as my captor is a gentleman of honor," she answered quietly.

"That reply is your passport to liberty," returned her strange jailer. "The loss of my key was a fiction. You will find—where you overlooked it in your fright—it in the lock. Good-night; and dream that I shall not live to forget you."

She did not respond. She sprang upon the balcony through the unlocked window, so happy to be once more free and safe that she scarcely heard what he said; but afterwards she remembered and wondered a little if he meant to be sarcastic. When she regained her room at last, she was exceedingly annoyed, discovering that she had left behind a costly ring of pearls set in antiquely wrought gold. Nor was her annoyance lessened that morning when the rich ornament was returned to her in a manner characteristic of the sender.

It was the morning of St. Valentine's Day in the South—in the warm, rich South, where the birds were mating among the budding orange and magnolia trees. A waiter brought her a letter—a unique and original valentine, embossed with neither silvered doves nor gilded Cupids, but from the fold of which dropped her lost ring.

The accompanying stanza she perused with a doubtful smile:

Maybe good St. Valentine
Made this dainty bauble mine,
For some promise or a sign
Of what e'er may not divine—
Future friendship, true and sweet,
Or a passion more complete.
Could I keep this ring of thine
And become
Your Valentine.

"The presumptuous idiot!" she muttered. "In this age lovers do not affect valentines, although they were nice and important enough in the days of our dead ancestors, no doubt. He would claim friendship, and even more, perhaps, because of my mortifying mistake last night. If I ever have the misfortune to meet him again I shall ignore him."

But this persistent admirer refused to be ignored. Moreover, he seemed ubiquitous. She was introduced to him at a fête; he was in the pit at church and opera; she was obliged to be his partner in a minuet one evening, and to sing with him at a *soiree* the next. She met him everywhere, and could not ignore him without positive incivility. He was her *bete noir;* he was a hideous, incarnate incubus.

And when one morning she left Riocrag, she mentally avowed that she wished never again to look upon the hateful, handsome face of Frederic Trethorne—never again to think of him or of this vexatious episode. And yet, looking back towards the pretty little town by the river and the sea, she murmured:

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live!
Ask me no more.

PART II.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN THE NORTH.

It was Winter midnight in a Northern city. Frederic Trethorne had just left the billiard-room of his hotel, and was leisurely ascending the broad stairs towards his apartment. As he reached his landing he heard sounds of conviviality in one of the near private parlors. He paused for a moment, listening to the clinking of glasses, the suppressed but discordant confusion of quips and jests, of laughter and hilarious singing.

"These trained-animal-show fellows are a jolly lot," he thought, with an indulgent smile. "But one could imagine from their pow-wow that they had their wonderful wild beasts in there with them."

And as he proceeded along the spacious corridor he half-sarcastically quoted:

Fill the cup and fill the can!
Mingle madness, mingle scorn!
Dry the mourner's saddening tear;
Yet we will not die forlorn.

Halfway up the passage he paused again—this time with much perturbation.

The door of an elegant private parlor was ajar, and through the bright, narrow interstice he saw a mammoth mirror, and in the mirror a reflection that astounded him.

He saw the disdainful heroine of that absurd episode at Riocrag standing at the farther end of the rich, brilliant room—all in dead, clinging white, as she had been when last he saw her—the same startled look of uncertain horror in her eyes. And those splendid eyes were fixed as if in a deadly fascination upon an abhorrent object before her—upon a big, black, loathsome snake, with head erected, with fixed, glittering, fatal eyes, and with open jaws from which the forky crimson of a venomed tongue protruded.

"The reptile belongs to those trained-animal-show convivialists—the loathsome escaped," he muttered in the sage conclusion of Frederic Trethorne. "I have heard that serpents have some occult power to charm and stupefy their prey, but have always considered the assertion as unproved, if not mythical. But here is undeniable and emphatic refutation of my skepticism."

He was scarcely conscious of this bit of philosophic speculation; for, although his natural equanimity was rare and enviable, he was so profoundly and blindly excited now that one might have fancied him drunk or insane.

He flung the door widely open, and with all the ardor and rashness of an ancient knight strode across the parlor, and before Eloise Pascal was aware of the intrusion had placed the nozzle of his ready pistol close to the serpent's head. There was an explosive sound; a sulphurous smell filled the air; the great snake collapsed into grotesque harmlessness.

"You are quite safe now, Miss Pascal," observed Mr. Trethorne, with much solemnity, as he touched the inert, serpentine coils with the toe of his polished boot. "The reptile is dead as a stone, I think."

He had expected some manifestation of gratitude; he was stupendously amazed when Miss Pascal easily appropriated a luxurious *fauteuil* and began to laugh with almost childish glee.

"Perhaps you will be gracious enough to tell me why you laugh," remarked the gentleman in offended accents. "Have I not saved you from a horrible death? Are you not yet convinced that I love you to distraction? I never have and never felt before for any woman, and shall never know again? Eloise, darling, you have been so frightened that you are hysterical. But the reptile is dead—quite dead, my dear."

She looked up at him, still laughing heartily, but not at all like one insane or hysterical.

"Frederic," she said, "you have only shot a quita-percha serpent. I must act to-morrow night in a drama where live snakes will be introduced. I have a constitutional horror of the creatures that I should be obliged to familiarize on the stage; so I had a rubber counterfeit manufactured, and when you saw me through the door I had heedlessly left open I was having a private rehearsal all by myself. The thing is harmless, even if your pistol-ball had not broken the wire coils that made his aspect so natural and hideous. You understand that, if I should become accustomed to the semblance, I should not be paralyzed by fright at the reality?"

Mr. Trethorne understood perfectly. But he comprehended, too, that his impulsive intrusion must seem rather idiotic to this merry lady, who apparently cared nothing at all for him or his sincere affection.

He went away looking more aggrieved than humiliated, and a few hours later he saw the dawning of St. Valentine's Day in the North. It was a magnificent morning. Icily cold. A rain had frozen falling, and the streets looked like pavements of glass, and every roof and tree and eave and twig were crusted with crystal and opal, diamond and pearl.

He was sitting in the reading-room of the hotel, when a waiter brought him a singular package.

"A valentine-box, sir," grinned the Ethiopian as he disappeared.

The gentleman cut the cords, broke the mud-red seal, and lifted the cover. Within lay a closely-coiled rubber serpent, the steel jaws of which held a golden ring set with sapphires, and a folio of exquisitely perfumed note-paper daintily inscribed with a stanza more significant than poetical.

Knight of good St. Valentine,
Keep this paltry ring of mine.
The scaly trophy of your skill
Of gallantry keep if you will.
And if you love as I opine,
You will esteem this valentine.

Frederic Trethorne appreciated his valentine so thoroughly that he went directly to the sender.

"Am I dreaming, or do you really love me enough to be my wife?" he inquired half doubtfully.

Eloise Pascal gave him the book she was perusing, and he kissed her after reading the marked stanza:

——thy fate and mine are sealed:
I strove against the stream, and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main.
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

Homeless To-night.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY HARRY HOGAN OF THE HOGAN BROS.

Wandering through the streets so cheerless
From dawn until the close of day,
Amid the bustling throng so heartless,
Beneath a sky all cold and gray;
For food and shelter I am longing—
Oh! God, but pity me to-night!
Here in the streets I am dying,
I'm footsore and homeless to-night.

Chorus.

Homeless to-night, cheerless I stray,
Sadly I ponder o'er life's weary plight—
Dark is my life, drear is my way,
I'm cheerless and homeless to-night.

I have stopped each stranger passing,
And told to all my tale of wo

resented for the first time at
ondon, Jan. 26. The Genius
as been wasted in fantastic
ulted in failure, and he is ul-
walk about the streets as a
wife and niece live with him,
as his own, is blighted by the
e son, who, being suspected
a city house where he was
by the manager to quit the
r is really bent upon winning
e Genius, whose heart is set
Just when the deceitful city
f gaining his ends, through
e young man up to justice,
having made a fortune in
Genius also makes the dis-
confession of an accomplice.
ned manager is himself the

RES were still suffering from
hich continued to prevail at
from abroad.
DE," an English adaptation
at," met with a cool recep-
tre, London, Jan. 26.
e author of a one-act piece
at the Gymnase Theatre,
alled "Monsieur et Madame

transferred the lease of the
, to Henri Luguet, a brother
s Mme. Marie Laurent, and
ent, the rising Parisian jour-

ce a favorite in soubrette
Martin and Odeon Theatres,
d the stage to marry M. Pon-
cently, aged 52.
nager of the Holte Theatre,
ing, recently filed his petil-
dis unsecured liabilities were

-artist, died in London, Eng.,

s to return to the Vaudeville
he night "Madame De Nav-
l De Courcy, was produced.
who had been appearing at
e, London, as Griolet in "La
or" was obliged to cancel
account of continued indis-

IAN reopened the Sadler's
on, Jan. 22, when J. L. Toole
fields Weaver,'
TH is having a new theatre
Queen street, nearly opposite
London. It will hold about
and connected with it will
illiard-room.
ell-known provincial actor,
r., on Monday, Jan. 24. He
omime 22, and was then ap-
ood health.
a member of Terry Hurst's
rich, Eng., Jan. 25.
ERRORS," a three-act farcical
foths," a two-act musical
on, or the Dizzy-pated Moon-
lassical burlesque, will by J.
n secured by the Majilions

announce their last appear-
arden Theatre, London, pre-
neric's.

MUSICAL.

the great success of "La
as induced Edmond Audran
hal bond not to compose any
eatre than the Bouffes-Pa-
of five years.
ne who obtained success at
aris, thirty years ago, died

sical composer, died at Dud-
78 years.
IAGE are published in Paris,
Heilbron, the well-known
La Panouse, a young navy
as bound the parties together

ont hesitation—little pitchers have long ears..... The following are a few specimens of nursery rhymes caught on the fly:

There was a curve pitcher in Troy,
Whose underhand throws did annoy
Professional batters,
Who became mad as hatters
At the balls that were thrown by this boy.

There was a young man of Pawtucket,
Who the game of baseball was stuck at;
But he couldn't dodge fouls,
And was hit in the bowels,
Until he at last kicked the bucket.

There was a young man from Glen Gat,
Who thought he was good at the bat;
But a wildly-pitched ball
Made him sit down and call:
"My stomach is no place for that."

There was a great pitcher, now dead,
Who put such a curve, it is said,
On the ball that he threw
Round the catcher it flew,
And caved in the back of his head.

There was a young man from Medina,
Who for baseball games was a piner;
When the season begun—
Well, his life work is done—
His stomach received a hot liner!

...*The Cleveland Herald* has this to say in regard to the question of dropping the name "baseball" and adopting another with a more euphonious sound, which is being considered by some of the League members: "The idea is quite unique. Why not call the contests 'out-door theatricals,' and style the various nines by such names as Mastodon Troupe of Physical Phenomenons, headed by that modern Atlas 'Baby' Anson; Evans' Monster Aggregation of Diamond Beauties, with that Agamemnon of the field John Clapp at their head; Bancroft's Greatest and Only Combination of Turf Treaders, headed by that model umpire annihilator G. Washington Bradley,".....A game of baseball is like a buckwheat cake—a great deal depends on the batter. And what a spread the batter would make if it were not for the pitcher.....
A Philadelphia clergyman, who is a great lover of baseball, forgot himself once and said: "Here endeth the first inning—let us pray.".....The "Longfellow pitcher" is advertised. Whether it is a vessel or a member of a baseball nine is not stated. If the former, it will be nice to have full when you metre friend. If it is a base ballad-junct—but the reader may be averse to hearing more on this topic.....Is it right for one player to make "base" proposals to another? If a fellow gets hit in the "centre" with a swift ball, is his breath allowed to take a "short stop?" If a fellow expects his sweetheart to be present, and she doesn't come, can the poor fellow be "put out" about it? How much beer will the pitcher of a baseball club hold? Suppose a player accidentally hits one of the "dear little ducks" who are spectators, would it not be a "fowl ball?".....Baseball is of much greater antiquity than is generally supposed. It was played in the Ark when the dove was "put out on a fly." Abraham also pitched in the wilderness.....
The Cincinnati-Boston game on Aug. 12 was thus humorously described by *The Cincinnati Enquirer*: "The game between the Bostons and Cincinnatis yesterday was a repetition of the result of their Bunker Hill-day game in the East. The Cincinnati lads spunked up, gave a blast to their pans, patted the dust with their hands, took hold of Harry Wright's band of traveling bean-eaters, and mowed the weeds with them. All the time it appeared as if the Bostons couldn't understand it. Jim O'Rourke would take out a hand-glass every once in a while, look at his reflection therein and mutter: 'Is this I? Is Jones he? Merciful heavings! where am I? It must be some horrid dream! Can it be, after all, that I am not Jim O'Rourke the masher, but a member of the Fly-by-nights?' Then, as if to verify his doubts, he would snatch a grounder from its peaceful gallop to the outer pasture, and throw it over Morrill's head, to see how far that exemplary young man could jump. But Jim was not the only member from Massachusetts who wished he were dead when the sun went down. Jones—Jonesey—our Jones—bu'sted every string in the combination and broke Harry Wright's noble heart smack smooth in two crosswise. It has been some days now since Charley has been laid on the ice, and he was feeling a little 'indifferent.' Harry, however, before the game opened called the reportorial attention to Jones' clear look and bright eyes, and at the same time was moved to predict that the young man was good for six runs. When the game ended Harry acknowledged that clear looks and bright eyes would not always win. The game began with the Bostons at the plate. Burdock, the youth with the sweet, tender-voiced yell, collided with the first ball pitched, and got to third base before Mansell could head off the little skittish leather animal and drive it back to the infield. Jones, spite of his bright eyes, struck out, greatly to the amusement of the small boys. Then Foley punched the ball for a base, and Burdock tallied. Harry Wright remarked that a three-base hit to lead off with was demoralizing. He explained several hours later that he meant it was demoralizing to the man who made it, and he seems to have a level head. For this was a too rash beginning. Smith let Jim O'Rourke's grounder get past him, but Sutton fled out, and Morrill fouled out. The next Boston boy to get to a bag was Morrill, who hit safely in the fourth inning, where he was left at first. In the next inning Tommy Bond paralyzed himself with a two-bagger to lead off with, but got no further than second, his next three laborers in the common cause failing to connect. In the sixth the gay and festive Foley was accommodated with a base on called balls, and clever Clapp passed a ball so that he might hie him down to second. Thence he moved southward to third base, while Foley and the pitchers were being badly put out, and there he rested, concluding not to come home, dear father, come home; the clock in the—but let that pass. Trott trotted to first in the next inning on a safe hit, but perished ignobly at the home plate in eighth heat the gay gelding James O'Rourke sired by Bridgeport and damned by Harry, took the pole, and when Judge Carpenter said 'go' started; he passed the first quarter in good form, closely followed by the sorrel stallion Sensation, but at the three-quarter pole broke badly, coming home on a dead run, with tail erect and hoofs flashing fire—time, too bad. Sutton distanced. In the ninth Trott once more hit it hard and got to first, but no farther. The Cincinnati sinners struck out in search of salvation in the second inning. Smith—Smithe—Smythe—no, Smith, just plain, simple Smith, of the Smith side of the family—slugged the sphere safely, but was forced to retire through a play by Carpenter's clover-clipper to Bond. Carpenter, however, held the fort, and Long John Reilly smacked the ball squarely in the face and sent it flying to the left field for three bases, on which Carpenter came home. Jones tried to head him off but his right arm clung to the roof of his mouth and he shied the slippery ball too wide, so that Longitudinal John was permitted, like the prodigal son, to return to the fold. Purcell, on a hit and a sacrifice by Clapp, got to second in the third, but was left there. After two hands were out in the fifth inning the Cincinnatis organized a little side-circus. Purcell stepped to the plate, saying: 'Here we are again, Mr. Mansell,' and bang went the ball, tickety-split went the blonde to first. Then the good Deacon White stepped into the ring, and Master Bond inquired: 'What will the lady have?' 'The lady will have a base-hit,' said the Deacon, and that's what he got. Then Clapp then held up the whoop, and also scampered to first on a sock-dolager, the Blonde marching around Jeru-salem and coming home. 'Say,' said Tommy Bond, and that young man by a liner to right filled the bases. At this opportune moment, with the fates of nations hanging on a single thread, Jones came within an ace (probably it was the queen) of catching a foul fly from Smith's bat. But he didn't, and then Sutton passed it. and by the divine help of John O'Rourke brought in two more runs. But the Summer is nearly ended, and we must hurry. In the eighth inning floor-masher Clapp called out: 'Allhands round, round,' and a lively dance began. Smith hit safely and was forced out by the shortstop. Reilly raided the ball again; Mansell, observing that Jim O'Rourke had been trying all day to steal a ball over Morrill's head, gave the masher another chance, and this time Jim made good. While upon the bases the boys were playing Smith. One run, one base, along a base by an out, and, as Morrill threw a hole in the ground near Sutton, Mansell came home like a dog after a rabbit. Purcell kept it up by a dustdisturber past Sutton, which Jones headed off and threw at the crowd without hitting anybody. Then Jim White struck three times at the ball, and Trott muffed the third strike, giving Jim his base. Say once more arose to a point of order, and hit for a base. Smith came to bat for the second time."

BASEBALL IN CUBA.

The second ten of the Almendares Club defeated the first ten of the Progreso Club on the former's ground, at Havana, Cuba, Feb. 1, in the presence of a large assemblage, including many ladies. The catching of Nuguet was excellent, while Lujan and Tammarit pitched very effectively for their respective teams, as is attested by the small number of safe hits. The score follows:

ALMENDARES.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	PROGRESO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Martinez, 3b.	5	0	0	1	1	1	Dela, r.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Nuguet, c.	5	0	1	6	1	1	Cadaval, lb.	5	4	0	9	1	4
Lassis, 2b.	5	0	0	1	1	1	Cabello, 3b.	4	0	1	4	2	2
Torre, ss.	5	2	1	0	3	0	Moreno, ss.	4	1	0	0	1	4
Wilson, r. f.	5	1	0	1	3	4	Ramos, 2b.	4	1	0	3	1	0
Planas, l. f.	5	3	2	0	0	0	Giraldi, lb. c.	4	1	0	9	0	2
Lujan, p.	5	1	0	0	3	0	Tammarit, p.	5	1	0	0	3	0
Dumas, lb.	5	1	0	16	0	1	Valdes, l. f.	3	2	0	0	0	1
Muniz, c. f.	5	2	0	0	0	0	Cadaval, s. s.	3	1	0	2	1	2
Ojida dos, r. f.	5	2	0	0	0	0	Planas, c. f.	5	3	0	0	0	0
Totals.	50	14	5	27	16	7	Totals.	37	8	3	27	10	17

Almendares.....0 1 0 0 4 0 2 0 0—8
Progreso.....1 0 0 4 0 2 0 0—8
Umpire, Mr. S. Bellan of the Matanzas B. B. Club. Time, 2h. 35m.

THE YALE CLUB.

Captain Lamb of the Yale baseball team has adopted a special system of training for his men which commends itself as an example to professional club-managers can follow to advantage. He has twelve collegians under training as the corps from which the nine will be selected. Princeton having won the Association championship of 1880, has become a special mark to aim for this year, and efforts are being made to place the strongest and best-trained nine in the field by May that Yale has ever presented. Captain Lamb has divided the twelve into squads, and each is trained under the personal supervision of his self or one of his lieutenants. The system involves long runs, speed being the objective point of continued exercise in straight throwing, a sanding the bat. Then each receives practice in batting the ball, as well as holding it from sw throwing. In fact, the gymnastic exercise consi of every form of muscular training calculated develop those muscles which are brought in play in the game itself. After the exercise ea man takes a shower-bath and has a good rubb down, until the reaction brings the blood healt to the surface of the body. Captain Lamb, i insists upon regular habits of living in regard diet, rest, etc. There are six of last year's t in training, and we are glad to learn that Cam recovering from his recent illness, and expects be in the field by May.

OBITUARY.—We have to record the death of Gettings of the Clipper Club of Toronto, Ont. his residence in that city on Jan. 24; and of Fra E. Allen at Natick, Mass., on Feb. 6. Gettings w said to be the best amateur short-stop in Cana Allen had caught for the Fairmounts of Marlb and the Tauntons of Taunton, Mass., and in 1 played third base for the Hudson (Mass.) Club.

JAMES CARLETON, once professionally connect with the Mutuals of this city and the Cleveland present on a visit to Havana, Cuba, where he has received many courtesies at the hands of t baseball fraternity.

J. C. ROWE, one of the catchers of the professio club of Buffalo, N. Y., has retired from that city, after an extende in the Colorado mining regions.

THE NORWELL CLUB, who recently won the championship of Arizona, belong to Company "G," 12th United States Infantry.

FRANK HANKISON, late of the Clevelands, is the latest accession to the ranks of the married men.

TRINITY AND AMHERST COLLEGES will not be represented this year on the ball-field.

ATHLETIC.

AMERICA vs. ENGLAND.
Arrival of Rowell and Vaughan.

The steamer Abyssinia of the Williams & Guion line, having on board those distinguished members of the pedestrian fraternity Charles Rowell and Henry Vaughan, the former the champion go-as-you-please traveler and the latter England's foremost long-distance heel-and-toe walker, with Charles Asplen, Charles Barnsley and Alfred Longford as companions, arrived at this port on the morning of Friday, Feb. 11. They had a very rough passage, which delayed the vessel about forty-eight hours. The steamer was boarded at Quarantine by a reception party including B. G. McSwyny, representing Daniel O'Leary, and the Kuntz Brothers, brewers, who have undertaken the management of the four-handed international contest—Rowell and Vaughan vs. O'Leary and an unknown—which is to commence at Madison-square Garden, this city, on Monday morning, March 7, ending on Saturday evening, 12. The Englishmen received a hearty welcome, and expressed themselves as rejoiced to find their tempestuous voyage at an end. Both Rowell and Vaughan looked well, although the former, rather "big" when he left Liverpool, made considerable flesh during the trip, and will have to do some hard work to get rid of it and put himself in condition for the contest. The party took carriages when the steamer reached her berth, and proceeded to the Ashland House, on Fourth avenue, where Rowell stopped upon the occasion of his former visits to the States. Here he and friends were warmly welcomed by those who had formed his acquaintance then, and the foreigners were made to feel quite at home. After dinner they proceeded to the American Institute Building, where Rowell and Vaughan took exercise for an hour or so on the hard concrete flooring, followed by a cold bath, a good rubbing down, and then a walk back to the hotel in the bright sunlight. Concerning the approaching competition, all that Rowell could be induced to say was that each man's stake would be $2,500, that he was utterly indifferent as to who the unknown who is to go against him may be, and that the race, commencing March 7 would witness a performance which would surpass anything heretofore shown anywhere. That was sufficient to indicate how confident he is in his own ability, not only to vanquish the best man America has so far produced, but to excel by miles the existing best record. In regard to the probable term of his sojourn in America, and the possibility of engaging while here in contests with other parties who have issued challenges to him he would say nothing, remarking that no arrangements would be made after the arrival of Geo. W. Atkinson of *The Sporting Life*, representing the stakeholder and the interests of Sir Astley, himself and Vaughan, and who is expected here about Feb. 16 on the steamer Wyoming. Vaughan, who it will be remembered finished second to O'Leary, in the initial contest for the belt now held by Rowell, in London, March 18-23, 1878, with a record of 500 miles 220 yards in 139h. 30m. 28s. (O'Leary doing 520mls. 440yds. in 139h. 6m. 10s.), expressed himself as highly gratified by being afforded an opportunity of once more competing against Daniel, as he had ever since been desirous of again trying conclusions with his former conqueror. Vaughan is a splendidly-formed man, tall and straight, a very fair and graceful walker, and possessed of undoubted staying qualities, while his good looks are a certain passport to favor in the eyes of the fair sex. Saturday was rainy, and the Britishers were not able to take the outdoor walking exercise which they desired, but arrangements have been made whereby they will have the chance to do necessary work daily up to the date fixed for the commencement of the contest. A letter of introduction from England *The Sporting Life* contained the following concerning them and their match with the two Americans, on account of which, it will be observed, *The Life* acknowledges the receipt of a draft for five thousand dollars from its friends, who may be accepted as proof positive that the latter did mail said amount from this city during the week closing Jan. 15, notwithstanding positive and emphatic assertions to the contrary: "There seems every probability of the arrangement of great six-days international matches between Charles Rowell and O'Leary's Unknown, for the go-as-you-please championship, and Harry Vaughan of Chester and Daniel O'Leary, for long-distance walking championship, being brought off at Madison-square Garden, New York, early in March. Rowell has cabled that the date proposed by O'Leary (March 6 to 11) is satisfactory to him, and on Thursday (Jan. 27) we received a draft for £1 000 from O'Leary, but no articles. Rowell and Vaughan, as we announced in *The Sporting Life* of Jan. 22, sail in the Guion mail steamer Abyssinia this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 22, from Liverpool for New York. On arriving at a later date the English champions think they would not have so good a chance of success. Daniel, as a sea voyage Rowell puts on a lot of flesh, and he has made up his mind will have at least three weeks' hard work in America before hostilities commence. Vaughan does not require so much severe exercise, but, as this is his first trip across the Atlantic, a week or two's light work after landing will do him no harm. In point of condition, however, both men are now nearly fit. Rowell during the past week telegraphed to our office several times to inquire if O'Leary had sent articles, and yesterday afternoon we delayed his journey from London to Chester some hours, wishing, if possible, to ratify the match before leaving England. Rowell left London by the train leaving Euston-square at 3 P. M., and arrived at Chester at 6.20. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Charles Asplen, and Charles Barnsley (both of Cambridge), and Alfred Langford, who are going out to America with the champion. We learn from a telegram that Rowell was met at Chester by Harry Vaughan, and his friends, who gave him a most cordial reception. Rowell and his companions afterwards were entertained by the Cestrians. We believe it was the intention of Rowell and Vaughan to go from Chester to Liverpool this morning, but the early hour (10 A. M.) at which the Abyssinia starts will doubtless prevent them making such a journey."

MYERS' TRIP TO ENGLAND.

Concerning the intended trip across the Atlantic of our amateur champion short-distance runner L. E. Myers of the Manhattan Athletic Club, the well-informed, fair-minded Sydney correspondent editor of *The Referee* (London) writes as follows: "The chief object of his visit is the championship meeting, and, as all distances between a hundred yards and a mile appear to be the same to him, it will be rather interesting to discover the races in which he will be a starter. It is to be hoped he will not endeavor to do too much on the one day, and so find out at the finish that he has succeeded in doing nothing. Plenty of opportunity will be afforded him during his stay of upsetting all our shorter records. Myers will find on this side as fine specimens of speedists as a generous rival could wish to meet. Pace was, perhaps, never so plentiful in England as it is now, but we do not appear to be overdone with pluck. And if my information be correct, Myers is as remarkable for his determination as he is for his fleetness. Were two men I could name gifted with stanchness to a similar extent, we might look with some confidence to the meeting between them and Myers at their own best distances. Unfortunately, they are both of the sort which never snatches a race nor a win but through sheer desperation. Myers' visit is thoroughly sportsmanlike in all its arrangements, and no one on this side will grudge him any victory he is capable of achieving. There is, though, one fear in the minds of many, which is that his sojourn here will be turned into an opportunity for what his own countrymen, in defiance of all etymologies, insist upon as 'hippodroming.' Myers and gate-money will be exchangeable terms next Summer, and it is easy to foresee interested endeavors to get him to 'give us a show at our shop.' The Manhattan A. C. should above all things secure for their man competent supervision, representation and direction on this side, otherwise they may find their enterprise resulting in a way which will make the subscribers to the Myers' fund learn to their sorrow that they have not only paid dearly for their whistle, but that other folk have got all the best tunes out of that instrument."

METROPOLITAN ROWING CLUB.

An athletic entertainment for the benefit of this club was given at Lyric Hall, this city, Feb. 9, and was well attended. The programme embraced sparring, wrestling, club-swinging, single-stick exercise and fencing with foils. The most exciting features of the show were the boxing-matches between Alfred Ing of the Scottish-American A. C. and P. McManus of the Metropolitan R. C., and William Childs and Mike Walsh, who after a hard contest, science the next acquired and de- pounding pure and simple. beauties of the game. The ven the professionals W. C. van (who gave the good- Prof. Austin, and a couple he amateurs Thos. English , Berte and A. P. Morgan. Pilkington. Clarence Whis- d James Quigley and James ibitions of Greco-Roman

TO EVERYBODY.

llenge, on account of which we llars, requires no explanation:
NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1881.
CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: Confident of ability to defeat any Graeco-Roman wrestler in challenge any man breathing to gle, best two in three fair back-falls, nes' rules, for from one hundred to a side (or as much more as any o risk on the result. I prefer Wm. e else, as I am not satisfied with the our former contest, the blame for public to understand, does not attach uldoon is not afraid to again meet no good excuse for declining this Should he refuse to do so, I stand odate anybody whose money is forced ers the two-five dollars I now place in your hands. this will please appoint a time to meet ER office to sign articles. Respectfully, CLARENCE WHISTLER.

NEW YORK athletic CLUB.

The W meeting of this club will be held at Madison- are Garden on the evenings of March 11, 15, com encing at 8 o'clock. The events to be ntested are: 75, 220, 440 and 880yds and one-mile andicap uns; 220yds run, open only to members of the N. G. S. N. Y.; one-mile run; 220 and gate-money will be exchangeable terms next Summer, and it is easy to foresee interested endeavors to get him to 'give us a show at our shop.' The Manhattan A. C. should above all things secure for their man competent supervision, representation and direction on this side, otherwise they may find their enterprise resulting in a way which will make the subscribers to the Myers' fund learn to their sorrow that they have not only paid dearly for their whistle, but that other folk have got all the best tunes out of that instrument."

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WHIST

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FOR NEW [illegible] ability to attack world. [illegible] style in [illegible] ing is E [illegible] ames' rules [illegible] a side [illegible] o risk on [illegible] e else, [illegible] our former [illegible] public to [illegible] uldoon is [illegible] no good [illegible] Should [illegible] odate [illegible] the two-[illegible] this will [illegible] ER office [illegible]

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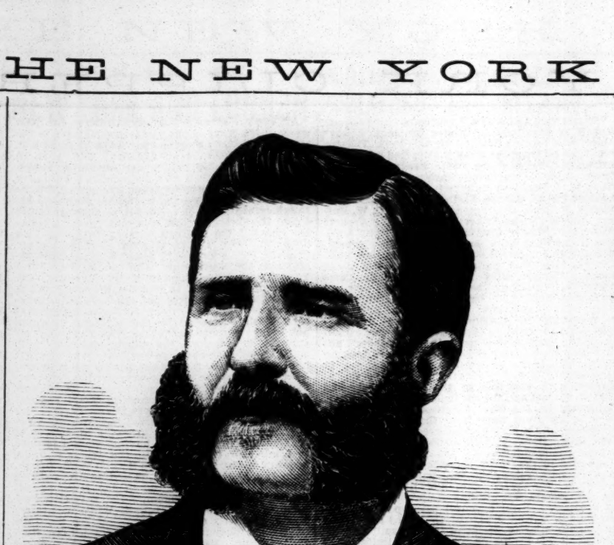

ELIAS C. LAYCOCK, Australian Sculler,

was born in Pitt street, Sydney, New South Wales, in May, 1846, stands 6ft. 2in. in height, and weighs 177lb. When quite a young man he shipped as a midshipman on the John Duthie, a famous packet in the then White Star line. He made one voyage to England and back, the ship on its return being burnt in the harbor. After this disaster Laycock decided to quit the sea, and, taking the gold fever bad, went to the famous Mt. Morgan, Queensland, but, failing to find it, finally drifted into herding cattle. While engaged in that occupation he first showed signs of ability at the oar, but it was not until 1874 that he had any aspirations to shine as a sculler. In October of that year a regatta was given on the Clarence River, at Grafton, in which a prize of $1,000 was offered for a champion sculling race, Michael Rush won, followed by Trickett and Laycock, with the then Australian champion Wm. Hickey behind them. In November, same year, Laycock rowed at the Balmain regatta, but only got home second to Trickett. Laycock was next heard of on the Queen's Birthday, May 24, 1875, when he won the wager boat race for $250 in the regatta on the Clarence River at Grafton, beating Rush and Solomons. During the Summer Laycock was matched against Trickett for $500 a side over the Paramatta course at Sydney, which Trickett won, both men being seriously interfered with by the attending steamers. He was defeated by Trickett in a race at the Balmain regatta Nov. 9 same year. Laycock's next event was a light skiff match for $250 a side on the Paramatta River, when a foul occurred in the middle of the race, and after a dispute the stakes were drawn. At the annual regatta, Jan. 26, 1876, he beat Trickett. The same year at Balmain, on the Prince of Wales' birthday, Nov. 9, Laycock was more successful, for in the absence of Trickett he won the £60 a side race from Elliott, Green and Mahalan. July 13, 1878, G. Solomon had to lower his colors to the Sydney sculler, who followed this victory up on Sept. 1, the same year, by beating C. Messenger, son of the ex-champion of the Thames, for £100, defeating the River Nymph. At the anniversary regatta, Jan. 26, 1879, Laycock beat Trickett for the champion belt, the latter having just recovered from the accident which had resulted in the loss of part of one of his fingers, and he was not properly prepared for the race-course. April 12, same year, Laycock again beat Michael Rush for $1,000 by a length and a half only, on the Paramatta River, which led to another match being arranged between Trickett and Laycock without, however, a chance to row, they mutually agreed to postpone the race until Monday, Feb. 14. In case they row at that time, a cable report of the contest will appear in THE CLIPPER of the present week. The photographs of Laycock which appear in this issue was forwarded to us by Laycock through Col. A. D. Shaw, American Consul at Manchester, Eng., and we tender our thanks for the favor. It is the first true portrait of Laycock published here.

ROWELL AND HIS CHALLENGERS.

Charles Rowell is having challenges fired at him from every direction. Save, perchance, in one instance, the authors of these seemingly brave blasts of defiance do not possess that faith in their own marvelous powers, or in those of their "unknown," which these numerous invitations to the champion to engage in a trial of speed and endurance, for large amounts of stake-money, would seem to indicate. But the tough little Briton has repeatedly demonstrated his ability to accomplish surprisingly good performances on the pedestrian path, and occupies so enviable a position at the head of his "profession," that his name is a power in the land, and his presence a guarantee of the success of a competition; consequently a pile of gate-money which dwarfs the amount put up as stakes, and which in almost every case would insure pecuniary profit instead of loss to the losers in the race itself, rises before the vision of those who have secured the services of pedestrians of acknowledged ability, and they are simply endeavoring to improve the opportunity presented by Rowell's presence amongst us. The exception referred to is that of Phil Smith, the holder of the American championship, who really thinks he is able to "down" the doughty Englishman fairly and squarely, and is willing to wager money upon his belief, and we know of are others who think the same of him and are prepared to back him for a goodly amount, on the strength of the good form displayed by him in the contest which took place in this city April 5-10 last, and in which he made the greatest six-day record, 565 miles 165yds., finishing in better shape than did Rowell in either of his two competitions for the Astley belt in America. Strong pressure has been brought to bear upon the Englishman for the purpose inducing him to abandon the four-handed project, and enter for the third contest for the O'Leary belt, to take place at the Garden Feb. 28-March 5, but he declines to say a word in the matter, and is guided entirely by the advice of his adviser, G. W. Atkinson, who is due here about the middle of the current week. It is not at all probable that he will succumb to the pressure, however, for aside from all other considerations he must be satisfied that there is more money to be made by his visit to this country for than he can reasonably expect to make in a sweepstakes contest open to all who can pay $100, even though he is afforded a chance to wager $5,000 on the issue. Hart now has $500 in the office of *The Sporting Life*, as has also F. A. Abell on behalf of an unknown, which amounts were sent for the purpose of securing a match with Rowell, or to insure entry for a sweepstakes race with him, which is vaguely spoken of as one on the sporting probabilities for June next in this city. The same paper also acknowledges the receipt of $125 from E. P. Weston to bind a match for the Astley belt, as also $50 from George Hazael for the same purpose. John Ennis has likewise posted $100 at *The Spirit* office on the strength of an intimation from Rowell that the next contest for the Astley belt (which the holder brought from England with him) will take place in New York City. Should it take place here, it is probable that Weston's apparent earnest desire to again win it will die out, and he will be content to leave the honor of wresting it from Rowell to some one whom the people of the metropolis are more likely to patronize and tolerate than they are the mountebank of the sawdust path. These latter challenges involve the necessity of Rowell going at least once more for the trophy, which would have become his private property had he not been challenged before March 27.

HANDBALL AND RACKETS will be played for the benefit of the Irish National Land League at 404 Madison street, this city, on Washington's Birthday, Tuesday, Feb. 22, commencing at twelve o'clock, noon. The following experts are announced to participate: Philip Casey, James Keating, Barney McQuade, James Dunn, William Courtney, William Ryan, James McEvoy, Thos. Curry, John Grady and Thos. O'Neill. With such players as these engaged, a fine afternoon and evening's sport is assured.

QUARTER-MILE RACE, for $250, was run by Wm. Davison and Wm. Walters on the third-of-a-mile track at Lillie Bridge, London, Eng., Jan. 25. The path was frozen hard, and the ground inside and outside the rails was covered with snow, in some places two feet deep. Davidson fell near the tape, and Walters stumbled over him, but broke the tape before falling. Time, 54⅘sec.

HUTCHINS VS. DONAHOE.—The collar-and-elbow wrestling match between Nat. E. Hutchins and Mike Donahoe, best two-fair-back-falls in three, for $150 a side and the light-weight champion belt, held by the latter, was decided Feb. 9 at Riley's Opera-house, Marlboro, Mass. Hutchins won the first and third falls, and consequently the match, Donahoe taking the second fall.

THE UNION ATHLETIC CLUB of this city held their annual election on Wednesday evening, Feb. 9, the following officers being chosen for the ensuing year: President, Ed. Rosenstein; vice-president, Arthur Green; secretary, C. H. Leitow; treasurer, P. C. Hammel; captain, M. G. Hammel (re-elected). The secretary's address is 168 Delancey street, New York City.

A GOLD MEDAL was run for by Edward Shay and Charles Snyder on Sixth avenue, from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth to One Hundred and Tenth street (about three-quarters of a mile), this city, on Tuesday morning, Feb. 8. Shay was the favorite, and he won by twenty-five yards. Referee and starter, Jack Goulding.

JOHN HEARD, in the long-ago a famous wrestler in England, died recently at the advanced age of 79 years. When over fifty years of age he defeated John Goss, much his junior.

THE SOUTH BOSTON (Mass.) ATHLETIC CLUB met in their new hall, on Broadway, Feb. 9, and adopted a constitution and by-laws.

THIEBAUD BAUER and Clarence Whistler are to wrestle at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., on Saturday evening, Feb. 19.

ITCHING PILES: moisture, stching increased by scratching. Swayne's Ointment sure cure.—*The Herald.*

BOXING IN THE QUEEN CITY.—At the recent opening of the "M. and K. Sporting Club," Sixth and John street, Cincinnati, O., several exciting set-tos took place. First the brothers Frompkons of Kentucky drew it mild, then King (the "Humming-bird") and Prof. J. M. Cannon indulged in a regular glove-contest, giving 'way amid much applause to Bill Brown (colored) and "Butter" Breslin, who had an even set-to of the hammer-and-tongs variety. Jack Whelan and Dick Johnson, two big Buckeye boys, next made a laughable set-to, and for the wind-up Dick Goodwin and Owney Mack made one of the most scientific displays ever witnessed in that city.

JOE GOSS has named his hostelry, at 22 La grange street, Boston, Mass., "The Saracen's Head," after the "pub" formerly kept by him in Hold Hingland, you know. A supply of choice "Old Tom" and other beverages which warm the cockles of one's heart is to be found in the place, and Joe is always pleased to dish up "the straight rumbo" for the comfort of his friends among the sporting fraternity.

JIMMY KELLY was greeted by a full house on the occasion of his benefit at Harry Hill's on the afternoon of Feb. 10. There was, however, rather a dearth of boxing talent, and professionally the entertainment was not a great success. Those who sparred were Ned Bracken and Johnny Mack, Johnny Reilly and pupil, Johnny Stack and James McGrath, Johnny Saunders and Pete Croker, Jerry Murphy and Ned Bracken, Young English and Dan Dougherty, Frank King and Carrie Edwards, Steve Taylor and friend, Patty Rush and Tom Geary, and the beneficiary and George Taylor. William Johnson and Steve O'Donnell also gave a display of collar-and-elbow wrestling; the dwarfs Moody and Snell wrestled in the same style and at catch-as catch-can in a way to amuse, and the male and female members of Hill's variety troupe contributed to the enjoyment of those present.

GEORGE POTVIN, as we are informed by a correspondent, defeated Charles Anthony (colored) in a fight in a stable at Sandy Hill, N. Y., Feb. 5. Potvin had the fight in his hands from the start, badly punishing his antagonist, and winning in 11 rounds, lasting 17m. 30s.

CRICKET.

THE STATEN ISLAND CLUB

played thirteen first-eleven matches last season, winning three, losing seven, and three being drawn. In these games they scored a total of 1,313 runs for the fall of 168 wickets to their opponents' 1,143 runs for 144 wickets. Thirty-two members have played in first-eleven matches, but we only give below the batting averages of those that have taken part in three or more games, by which it will be seen that Kessler has the lead, although Lane's figures are really the best:

	Matches.	*Inn's.*	*Runs.*	*Times Not in an N. O.*	*Inning.*	*Av'age.*
Kessler	3	4	111	0	80	27.75
Lane	12	18	282	3	56	15.66
Harvey	3	4	52	0	35	13.00
Roberts	5	6	57	0	16	9.50
Stevens	6	9	78	3	31	8.66
Moore	10	16	116	1	30	7.25
Outerbridge	5	7	49	0	18	7.00
Bance	16	16	104	0	23	6.50
Hole	6	9	37	0	9	4.11
J. Eyre	11	16	57	2	11	3.56
M. Eyre	5	8	25	0	6	3.12
Filmer	6	9	28	3	16	3.11
Manning	6	9	26	1	9	2.88
Sprague	11	15	43	2	8	2.95
Dodge	3	3	7	0	5	2.33
Ronaldson	3	4	8	0	7	2.00
Bingham	4	7	6	1	5	0.85
Furber	4	7	3	3	2	0.42

	Inn's.	*Balls.*	*M'd'ns.*	*R's.*	*Wkts. to Wkt.*	*Av. R's to Wkt.*	*Av. Balls to R's*
Lane	15	1,416	81	434	77	18.38	5.64
Stevens	6	164	6	69	7	23.45	9.86
Sprague	16	818	35	355	35	23.37	10.12

Lane, the professional of the club, and Sprague, the once-famous baseball-pitcher, have borne the brunt of the bowling in first-eleven games, as the appended figures show:

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending FEB. 26, MONDAY, Feb. 14.

LADIES' LIST.

Appleton, Ella
Adams, Nellie
Andrews, Eliza-beth
Adams, Jessie
Bowers, Mrs. D. F.
Bell, Mrs. J.
Barnes, Maude
Bell, Bessie
Baxter, May
Browne, Mrs. R. S.
Bangs, Nellie
Bliss, Louisa
Coles, Lea
Clyde, Miss Minnie
Casselli, Mrs. Fannie
Clifton, Belle
Clark, May F.
Calef, Jessie
Claxton, Kate
Cardigan, Cora
Chaprionere, Lillian
Clifton, Viola
Celeste, Rosa
Cooper, Lottie
Davene, Marie
Dillon, Sara
Daly, Lizzie
D'Elmar, Camille
DeMontague, Mrs. M. (2)
Dixon, Louise
Emmons, Misters
Earle, Mattie
Eddy, Mrs. E.
Florence, Helen
Fisk, May (2)
Frey, Mrs. Florence M. (2)
Fagan, Mrs Barney
Gardner, Lida
Glennen, Julia
Grinnell, Mrs. 6c.
Glenn, Carrie
Gracie, Mrs. Jos.
Geary, Mina
Hanlon, Mrs.
Howard, Lillie
Hunter, Lizzie
Herbert, Carrie (2)
Hyatt, Clara
Howard, Carrie
Hindle, Annie
Howard, Katie
Inglis, Lizzie
Ivster, Mrs. Bessie W.
Johns, Effie
Jack, Mrs. Sam
Lavarnie, Carrie
Litta, Marie
Lacarie, Mrs. Jo-sephine
Melrose, Julia
Mansfield, Alice(2)
McLain, Hattie C. (2)
McDermott, Kitie
Manyard, Miss E.
Norwood, Marian
Octavia, Millie
Price, Bijou
Paisley, Annie
Putnam, Katie
Praeger, Adelaide (2)
Palardis, Marie
Parker, Georgie
Raymond, Annie (2)
Rainford, Alice
Rice, Emma
Robeson, Erba
Richmond, Ada (4)
Searle, Mrs. Annie
Shepard, Mrs. H. E.
Smith, Lydia
Summerfield, Mrs. Susie
Stetson, Eveline
Siddons, Ida
Smith, Jr., Mrs. Ed
Sparks, Mrs. Nora
Sanella, Irene
St. Felix, Miss C.
Sherman, Mrs. Jno. M.
Stanwood, Ada
Shields, Tillie
Sanford, Mrs. Jos.
Steck, Fannie
Simpson, Allie
Thornton, Lillie
Vernon, May
Woods (not Wood)
Fannie
Weld, Ella
Warfield, Annie (2)
Wilson, Mina
Warner, Jeffreys
Worley, Mrs Annie
Wambold, Lillie
Wesner, Ella
White, Mrs. F. H.
Zoel, Marie

GENTLEMENS' LIST

Griffin, Alex.
Gibson & Mooney
Gray, Mark C
Garland, G. W.
Glovered, Jr.
Gaston, E. Y.
Gillespie, Wm.
Gregory & Arcansell
Gallagher, M. A.
Galloway, G. N.
Guisse, A.
Grady, G. G.
Gaston, Geo.
Gamble, Geo. W.
Gotthold, E. M.
Gardner, Harry
Gale, Walter
Gallagher & West
Grange, Bud
Hess & Strakosch 12c.
Hyde, Luther
Henderson, Lon
Harris, Geo.
Hoyt, John
Hughes, — (fakir)
Hoey, Geo.
Harrington, J. C.
Heywood, Wm. (2)
Hurst, Frank
Hogan, Jesse
Harris, Geo.
Hogan, Bros.
Hall, J. Casey 9c.
Hughes, Paddy
Hyers, S. S.
Hanley, M. W.
Huntley, W. A.
Harper, Tom
Halleck, Thos. E.
Hackebarth, Albert
Harris, C. C.
Hoyt, Will J. (2)
Hunt, Chas. R.
Hughes, Nick
Homer, Nat
Hinglin, J.
Ramsden, — ("Kalulah")
Ronaldo, Geo.
Strakosch, Max
Sullivan & Harrington
Spangler, E. Guy
Sykes, Webster
Smith, Dallas
Sprague's Minst.
Simmonds & Brown
Sheridan, Jeff
Schoolcraft & Coes
Scott, Robt.
Skinner, F.
Sanford, J. L.
Skuse, Wm.
Sampson, Jas. S.
Smith, Will L. (2)
Sayers, Tom
Shea, John
Sidney, Geo
Smith, Geo. W.
Stuart, Jr., C.
Storer, A. M.
Scott, John
Seaman, H. S.
Shelby, Dan
Schroder, C. N. (3)
Stafford, F. C. (2)
Sexton, M. C. (2)
Stephens, W. T.
Schumann, Sig
Sawyer, Prof.
Slavin, J. H.
Smith, —
Lynch, J. R.
Ligon & Thornton
Stribl, S. P.
Smith & Strasser
Sargent, Harry
Simpson, Al
Taylor, John
Toole, Col. T. R.
Tracy, Dan
Thompson, Den (2)
Talbott, Harry (3)
Tinkham, Ed
Toole, John
Toner, Thos. H.
Trinnier, Robt.
Tompkins, Alfred(2)
Vose, Val
Vampier, Jean
Vilas, S. S.
Ward & Lynch
Woodworth, Jas. E.
Williams, Tony
Walton, Chas.
Warren, Geo.
Waldron, Rich (3)
Weisenborn, Fred
Wood, John (2)
Warren, T. J.
Wallace, Gus T. (2)
Wells, Al.
Williams, H. A. B.
Williams, Phil
Wallace, Harry(2)
Wood, N. S.
Walton, Punch
Weeks, Geo.
Wilson, B. W.
Wingfield, H. J.
Wilson, Sen. E.
Wilson, Mell M.
Weston, Chas.
Waddy, J. M.
Walsh, Jas. R
Woodward, J. E. (2)
Wood & White's Co.
Weaver, Add
Williams, B. J
Washington, F. W.
Young, Edwin
Zalto, D. M.

Marsh, W.
McDonald, W. H.
McDonald, J. Baby
Shy's father, 15c.
Murray, J. (of Shelby's Co.)
McGill & Ryland
Morrison, Jas. (leader)
McCord, Clem
Mower, Fred
Murphy, Jos.
Moore, Mat.
Mays, The 12c.
Meaford, Albert
Nixon, J.
Orndorff, H. F.
O'Brien, Mike
Pierce, H. E.
Pendy, John
Pollock, T.
Padgett, Jas. C.
Patrick, J. C.
Rentz-Santley 15c.
Ryder, G. B.
Russell, John
Rogers, Lorain (2) 15c.
Rogers, John R.
Russell, H. S.
Rosenbaum, E.
Russell, —(of Sanford & R.)
Richards, Geo.
Razzillis, W.
Ryder, Tony
Rankin, McKee 30c.
Roberts, N. D.
Rice, George
Rice, W. H. (3)
Rankin, Jack
Ray, Geo. W.
Rawlings, Mr.
Ringling, A.
Ramsden, — ("Kalulah")
Ronaldo, Geo.
Strakosch, Max
Sullivan & Harrington
Spangler, E. Guy
Sykes, Webster
Smith, Dallas
Sprague's Minst.
Simmonds & Brown
Sheridan, Jeff
Schoolcraft & Coes
Scott, Robt.
Skinner, F.
Sanford, J. L.
Skuse, Wm.
Sampson, Jas. S.
Smith, Will L. (2)
Sayers, Tom
Shea, John
Sidney, Geo
Smith, Geo. W.
Stuart, Jr., C.
Storer, A. M.
Scott, John
Seaman, H. S.
Shelby, Dan
Schroder, C. N. (3)
Stafford, F. C. (2)
Sexton, M. C. (2)
Stephens, W. T.
Schumann, Sig
Sawyer, Prof.
Slavin, J. H.
Smith, —
Lynch, J. R.
Ligon & Thornton
Stribl, S. P.
Smith & Strasser
Sargent, Harry
Simpson, Al
Taylor, John
Toole, Col. T. R.
Tracy, Dan
Thompson, Den (2)
Talbott, Harry (3)
Tinkham, Ed
Toole, John
Toner, Thos. H.
Trinnier, Robt.
Tompkins, Alfred(2)
Vose, Val
Vampier, Jean
Vilas, S. S.
Ward & Lynch
Woodworth, Jas. E.
Williams, Tony
Walton, Chas.
Warren, Geo.
Waldron, Rich (3)
Weisenborn, Fred
Wood, John (2)
Warren, T. J.
Wallace, Gus T. (2)
Wells, Al.
Williams, H. A. B.
Williams, Phil
Wallace, Harry(2)
Wood, N. S.
Walton, Punch
Weeks, Geo.
Wilson, B. W.
Wingfield, H. J.
Wilson, Sen. E.
Wilson, Mell M.
Weston, Chas.
Waddy, J. M.
Walsh, Jas. R
Woodward, J. E. (2)
Wood & White's Co.
Weaver, Add
Williams, B. J
Washington, F. W.
Young, Edwin
Zalto, D. M.

Arnold, W. H. (2)
Aubrey, Robt. (2)
Allyne, E. T. J. (2)
Altorzo, D. W.
Arnold, Mark (2)
Atwood, Capt. J. B.
Allen, G. R.
Ashelie, John E.
Anderson, W. C.
Aubrey & Dashaway
DeHaven, Claude
Doton, Dandy
Dibolo, Mons.
Elliott, R. F.
Ellis, E. C.
Ellis, G.
Edgar, Geo.
Ellis, R. E.
Edwards & Gaylor
Emmet, J. K.
Fenton, John F.
Fitzpatrick, Dan
France, Sid. C. (2)
Forbes, Fred
Fleury, Fernando (2)
Ferguson, Duncan
Fergaugh, Adam (3)
Ferguson & Mack (2) 9c.
Fury, James
Formsten, Mr.
Foot, T. B.
Forbes, Ned
Frayne, Frank
Ferguson, R. V.
Gallscheck & Weston
Gooding, E. D.
Girard, Ed.
Gilday, Chas.
Garibella, Robt.
Gwynette, Harry
Martine, Geo.
Mackin & Bryant
Martin, Sam
McLean, Geo.
Minaro & Metropolitan Wint. Gard, Newark
Manlowes, C. C.
Miller, Burt
Muab, Rel
Mahin, Wm.
Marc, Lucien
Martine, Geo.
Nelson, Ed.
Nolan, Jas.
Nelson, Wm.
Nelson & Vernon
Nelson, Harry
Nelson, Jas.
Nelson, Wm.
Nelson & Vernon
Nelson, Harry
Nelson, Jas.

E. K., Alma.—There are thousands like you, and hundreds more applicants than vacancies. Give up the idea of going on the stage.

T. M., Battle Creek.—Either see our dramatic columns weekly for his whereabouts, or address him in care of THE CLIPPER.

PADDY AND ELLA MURPHY.—James Owen O'Connor returns thanks for your courtesy in the matter of the recitation.

F. H. W., Brooklyn.—1. Adelaide Neilson died on Aug. 15 last. 2. Ole Bull died Aug. 18 last. 3. Alecia Jourdan died on May 25 last.

J. S. M., Philadelphia.—It is a State law, we believe. Such being the case, it will be operative in all the large cities of Pennsylvania.

INQUISITIVE, Boston.—1. Probably not. 2. It is not so published. 3. Watch our amusement columns.

DEXTER.—He could not withdraw the money without the consent of the other bettor.

C. H. D.—1. Miss Jennie Morgan the singer is married. 2. Tony Hart is not married.

ANDROSS, Baltimore.—J. K. Emmet was born in St. Louis, Mo.

C. B. A., Washington.—A man of thirty-five should give up all idea of taking to the stage as a profession.

M. Z., Fall River.—There does not appear to be any mention of such a marriage.

B. H. W., Toledo.—Agnes Mitchell was the wife of William Herbert.

F. R., Jersey City.—Miss Lizzie Hudson has, we believe, withdrawn from that combination.

E. F. S., Chicago.—You should have given the full cast and the story of the plot of "Government Bonds."

J. W. McC., Louisiana.—The answer to J in this department had no reference to you whatever.

PERRY, Philadelphia.—Miss Annie Pixley is married.

2. Robert Fulford of the same company is married.

J. F. M., Biltown.—He advertises in our columns occasionally, and that is all we know about him.

M. K., Greenville.—1. The Crystal Palace, this city, was burned Oct. 5, 1858. 2 See column of regular answers.

R. Wheeler.—We cannot recollect that there was either such an actor or such a manager.

HEWES.—Which Davenport Brothers?

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 14, '81.

This is Valentine's Day! It is likewise the harvest-time of lovers, when mates are chosen, and various little plans suggested by which to shut the eyes of the old folks at home, and enter into a life of wedded bliss only enjoyed by the truly good and virtuous; but oh, how woefully taken in are some of the blessed conspirators. Conniving mothers work off their old stock of marriageable daughters through the agency of this valentine business, while widows of various degrees come to the surface again just as good as new. "Here's another! Read it, Jimmy, for her!" What is it now, Jimmy? More valentines than you can shake a stick at! One from Sallie Marjorem; *sweet* Marjorem, *I* call her. Isn't it a daisy, though? See that bleeding heart with a skewer runnin' through it! Them's the valentines that tells a girl's feelin's. See them two small pair of hearts 'justed onto a darnin'-needle? That's me and her, as it were. Oh, I'm a masher, I am. I don't know no angels nor nothin', *I* don't; I haint got even runnin' after me by Chinese boys for a kite, *I* haint." In this enthoosed manner the jubilant Jim has been going on since daybreak this morning. While he is taking lunch let us see what his inamoratas have to say to him. Here's one from Lady Donnell, a fourth-rower in the ballet at Niblo's.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
Without playing pranks upon the fresh and green.
If some one of a longette receives that gift,
Than wedded be to such a frouzy fright.
You'd better grovel like a porcupine
Than wed with his mamma, the old frump Jane.

And yet Jim exhibits the verses with pride, and points to them as gushing evidence of his mashiness. Here's another, from Lottie Folsom, a screaming lass who has the palpitating Lottie to say to the young feller?

Sweet youth! fair friend! to thee I greeting send,
And in thy presence here the knee I bend.
As *friend* I know thee, but this heart of mine
Is wedded to another valentine.
Morn, noon and night for thee I'll pray;
Farewell, sweet one, bear up—good-ay.

And that, too, the lad treasures as a sweet morsel, and stands upon the street-corners to read it to his boon-companions. "Where ignorance is bliss, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" [This doesn't look right, somehow; but we have no time to seek for errors on such a busy day as this which is the beginning of a comedy of errors.] Lo! hear sweet Marjorem! Sallie is his joy and pride, his heart's delight. In her are centred all the virtues, all the purity and all the innocence of an angel. What shall the harvest yield to him in the auspicious days to come? Listen:

As once I loved thee, now I loathe thy name;
Thy false heart dragged me down to deepest shame!
Thy breath is poisoned and thy soul unclean,
And woe the night I met thee at the ball!
If fire is hell, and hell is hot, at best,
Then in Satan's realms thou'll find rest;
Hence, polluted perjurer! Hell's lot be thine,
And in the Devil find thy valentine.

The last verse in this valentine must have been a little off color when she writ that; a trifle vexed, as it might be, when she indited such scandalous lies. I'm as innocent as a babe not born of such lyin' reports." Here is a tiny little bit from Violet Hastings, a gentle creature of nature's make, whose pure love is worth a king's ransom. How Jim ever came to win the love of such a child is one of the mysteries that we have and then mystify and grieve us. Let's hear what the tender and truthful Violet has to say:

TO MY JIMMY.

Dear Jim, they tell me 'tis Valentine's Day—
To five separate men I've got to say:
I wish I could write as some girls do,
I'd do noth'ng else but write to you;
Your letters I'd read, and then tear into little Linnit
She lent me a book, and this I found in it:
"If you love me as I love you,
No knife could cut our love in two."
Would you be angry, Jimmy mine,
If I'd ask you to be my valentine?
Your answer, Jim, I'm waiting for—
She'll not keep it from me a minute.
The lines you will know came from no one but me.
Now, I must forever close, dear boy—good-by.

To think that the boy should even *know* such a pure and guileless creature is a matter of wonder. To find that he has won her childish affection prompts us to weep watch o'er the gentle Violet, if Jimmy has not five same valentines—one that Joseph of old was—"Good-evening!" "Are you going to the ball this evening?" "Not this evening." "Some other evening?" But we *are* going to the ball this evening; to the Elks' ball, than which nothing more attractive happens in gay festivities of the metropolis. *Everybody* goes to the Elks' ball. Not to be there is to be an unknown quantity. Not to be there is to acknowledge oneself to be without theatrical society. We'd sooner be a toad, and grovel in the mire of a manure mine than miss the Elks' ball..... Mrs. Livermore is on the war-path, and her latest conundrum in her lecture series is: "How shall we reach the boys?" "Our Jim" comes to the assistance of the lady, and offers a ready solution of the problem. He says "if she will bait her hook with pie she will be able to reach 'em every time."..... In last week's CLIPPER a gentleman about to take the road with a traveling company advertised for a "scene-grip," but stated that no "dodgers" need apply. Now, we should like to ascertain how a man can *travel* if he is not permitted to *dodge*?..... At last! Sideshow paintings are beginning to receive that attention from connoisseurs which has been denied them for many years. A gem representing a Bengal tiger attacking a man has just attracted the notice of an art critic of the highest renown. That is well. We have recently seen some clever sideshow work, which was so realistic as to appear quite lifelike than the animals in the show which the painting was intended to represent. Another thing greatly in favor of the artistic work is the fact that no label was necessary to tell what the picture was meant to express. That is the true test of merit in a painter's skill. To show to what a degree of excellence sideshow-painting has reached, we were present a few days ago at a private seance given in honor of a leading artist. A painting was exhibited showing some horse hay and a wild horse of the prairies. Now, would you believe it? When Hebe, the baby's mother, saw that hay she went for it, and if it hadn't been for Billy Cullin, who had charge of the show, and who knew that elephant would have eaten the hay, the wild horse, and the canvas as well. What better proof of excellence could a painter want than that? Let our artistic friends of the sideshow division press on—"the darkest hour is the hour before day."

.....Appended is a true copy of a letter received in this city a few days ago. The writer, with all his faults, seems to be chock full of confidence, but traveling companies require something better than confidence in their agents. Of course we suppress names:

MY DEAR FRIENDS I would like to get a good Birth as agent for some good company I have had some experience in the Business and I like it very well or assistant as I have Been on the stage a grades[sic] and I like it very well But what I like best I would get for some one that think I can give satisfactory to my mahn in the Business I have Been with P. Baldman and Geo. H. Maxwell, and martine & O. Miller and others that it is to much to vous to mention I would like to get out as soon as Possible.

.....We have given various benefits this Winter in aid of sick and disabled actors, charitable institutions, etc., and the latest was that given on Friday last in behalf of the Poe Memorial Fund. Some little interest in this was manifested, the benefit because Poe was not an actor, and therefore could have no claim upon the profession. We regret that any such objections should have been interposed. If the profession depended upon one another for help in any matter, no matter how great the bill or how many the volunteers—there would be but few returns without the aid of the people not to the manner born. So let help be extended to the deserving, no matter in what respectable walk in life he, she or it may move. It is the good-will and alacrity with which professionals come forward to aid a good cause that attract the attention of non-professionals, and wins their commendation and gratitude. The Poe benefit was a success, and for the honor of the stage we are glad that it was so.....Four tricky bulls are advertised for sale in this issue of THE CLIPPER. We don't know, Jimmy, whether they are Irish bulls or not; the man Borgos will inform us. It is a source of gratification to learn that Manager Henderson intends to give up "Drink." A man like Mr. Henderson should not have taken to it in the first place. Apropos of "Drink," Mr. Barnum, of the Union-square Theatre would weary of writing and adapting plays that do not take. His productions of late hit and there is little mourning at the square.....In the New York Assembly on Thursday last a representative, seeing his opportunity, rose to a question of privilege—"Cantand or sideburns?" It wasn't that sort of privilege, Jimmy, as you shall learn. The gentleman, having secured the ear of the congregation, made reference to somebody who had misrepresented him, and the way he went for that unhappy scallywag was terrific. Apoplexy appears to tender stomach. He closed his oration with the following remarkable peer-oration:

"Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be he who first cries 'Hold! enough!'"

Shakespeare in his best days never wrote anything at all approaching it; while the gentleman was delivering his speech he stood like Cicero of old when he stood the Philistines out of Egypt; and when the climax was reached you could have heard a cannon-ball. It was, in truth, the greatest effort of his life, and too many privileges cannot be given him. "This has no reference to beer, nor to the holding capacity of the Assembly.].....A new comic opera is soon to be presented in this city. The composers call it "Billee Taylor." With all due deference to the authors of the work, we beg leave respectfully to suggest that the title be changed to that of *Williams* instead of "Billee Taylor." The latter may suit the groundlings, if we may so express it; but there is a higher and nobler element to please, and it is in the interest of this higher class that we offer this amendment.....Our friends may like to know that Brother Talmage's salary has been raised to twelve thousand dollars per year! This is enough to make the song-and-dance man's heart sore.....We have no reason for supposing that it is Mabel herself who is responsible for the announcement that Miss Mabel Jordan is a success in Fawcett Rowe's "Beauty." Presumably, since we read the fact in the newspapers, this is the verdict of the public. Mabel did not know anything about it. But, if it be true, it is not without its moral, as witness these

LINES REGARDING JORDAN.

It Mabel has hit it in "Beauty," acordin'
To reports, then it teaches us this about Jordan:
It may be a hard road to travel when it's duty,
But Jordan is an easy road, you see, when it's Beauty!

.....Read Theo. Brooks' advertisement in another column. He is the gentleman who "makes the pyrrhonist halt and ponder at his myriad of inarvels." And the pyrrhonist is one not easily influenced. Read what Theodore says.....John T. Raymond's new play is a trifle too "Fresh." A little more seasoning can do it no harm, although of pepper it has so far had a good quantity..... Over in Europe an acrobat's lot is not a happy one, by any means; the wages he gets would not keep an American performer in cork soles. *The Paris Figaro* is responsible for this little bit of gossip: "A provincial acrobat hesitates before a trapeze on which he is about to do a daring feat. His manager angers. 'Miserable man, you have no courage!' 'Misery!' answers the trapezist; 'you promised me six dollars, and you now wish to give me only five.' 'What then?' 'Well, a fellow will risk his life for six dollars, but not for five.'"..... A testimonial benefit ought to be tendered Messrs. Joseph & Hopper, who have controlled and managed "One Hundred Wives" all Winter, without sustaining as much injury as a scratch. These men and their "Wives" show in Booth's Theatre to-night.....We have it in our power to state, upon the highest authority, that Miss Lizzie Backus has *not* been engaged to make a tour of Europe for the purpose of giving a series of his great Shakespearian impersonations. Such an engagement might have been suggested to him, but that he declined with thanks is all we know. While people are climbing up ladders to get a peep through the windows at the African Roscius, as it were, Europe has no attractions or ducats for him. This you can gamble on.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The discovery has been made that it was as a journalist, and not as a military officer, that Rouget de Lisle wrote and composed "The Marseillaise." It was written to please the Mayor of Strasburg and his wife, Louise Dietrich. Mayor Dietrich published *La Feuille de Strasburg*, the sheet in which Rouget first published his poem, and Mayor Dietrich, who was a fair tenor, was the first person to sing it. In explanation of the war-song's having become a favorite in Marseilles without its being at all known in Paris, where it was first heard from the lips of a Revolutionary deputation from Marseilles, it is suggested that some military band may have carried it from Strasburg to the South. It is odd that Mr. Dietrich should have got the young captain of engineers to compose this song, which fired all France, in order simply to divert their guests from the subject of politics, which the Dietrichs had voted to be a bore. Mrs D. arranged the music for the harpsichord and other instruments. St. Louis can now point with Chicago to a woman who has composed the announcement is made that the Mapleson Opera Troupe took $51,000 away from that city as the result of its two weeks' engagement.....Fred Rooney, of Rooney & Burchell, Down street, Piccadilly, London, on Feb. 12, that a born American, who had become a naturalized Englishman, donated the wealthiest woman in England, even if she was thirty-six years when he, now thirty-one, was born. It is not certain that the Baroness became Mrs Ashmead Bartlett after last Sunday's ceremony, but it is certain that before the ceremony he became Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and that henceforth his full name will be Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett-Burdett-Coutts. It is proposed that he shall change his name in order to have a valid claim upon sundry millions belonging to the bride in case she should die before the honeymoon is over.....Miss Minnie Hauck was born in Canterbury also had an eye on the money, and likewise took time by the forelock, for he charged $250 for a special permit to marry.....Major Chas. E. Pease, of the Pease & St. Louis lawyer, wants one thousand dollars damages from Col. J. H. Mapleson and Charles A. Spaulding of the Olympic Theatre, that city, for refusing to sell him seats in the theatre for the opera season beginning this week. Force alleges that he was the first one at the box-office on Feb. 7, when the tickets were advertised to be sold, and found five rows of seats stricken off of the box-sheet, and he now proposes to test the question whether seats in a theatre can be disposed of privately before the public sale is made.....Miss Blanche Roosevelt is to be heard on our concert stage at Chickering Hall on March 11.....Will H. Morton has gone into the religious-panorama business, along with Commodore Joseph Decker. They propose to exhibit "Scenes and Sufferings," by George Heister, illustrative of "The Life of Christ from the Manger to Calvary."..... The English papers are severe upon "La Belle Normande," a new opera devised for the delectation of Londoners.....Arthur O'Shaughnessy is the poet went about a month ago to see Robert Buchanan's play in Leicester. The American's Othello, which he happened to be doing that night, was so cold that the poet took a chill, which proved fatal. He was the author of "Music and Moonlight," and the son-in-law of Dr. Westland Morton the dramatist. He was but thirty-five years old, and held a position in the British Museum. The new "Nana" is to be the work of Mlle. Massin stained in imitation of the smallpox that kills the heroine, is proving a horribly realistic success..... Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb on the 10th celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of their wedding.....The London firm of Chatto & Windus issued a volume of "Songs and Poesies," by the late J. R. Planche.....Henry J. Byron has been adapting "Michael Strogoff" for production at the London Gaiety, in March next. The adapter will play one of the characters.....Queer. The public have been complaining, and justly, of those who, monopolizing the whole conversation, talk to their wife and to marry Flora. Fresh now enters as a private passage and meets Erema, and as he is about to dwell on her charms he is observed by several of the guests, who, angry at the supposed perfidy of Fresh in deserting them, give the alarm. Fresh jumps into the trunk where the baron is concealed, and, after a fruitless search has been made for the intruder, Achmet orders the trunk to be carried at once aboard the royal yacht. The trunk, as it set on the trunk is seen upon the esplanade of the Khedive's records, and Fresh and the Baron conceal themselves in the trunk. Erema, from the box refuses to fly with him because her marriage with him was not legal, while that with Mahomet Ali was. Flora comes upon the scene to witness, as she thinks, Fresh's punishment; but he delivers her to Achmet as his slave, and she is seized by the eunuchs. The Baron, holding Flora's watch chain, belonging to his daughter which Erema had given to Fresh, demands to know the name of the officer who gave it to Erema, when Mahomet Ali declares that responsibility and is immediately challenged by the Baron, and they go at once to fight a duel. The Baron speedily returns with the tidings that he has slain his opponent, when Erema rushes to the arms of Fresh and consents to fly with him..... Achmet summons his guards, when suddenly a number of American sailors armed with muskets spring out of barrels, where they had been concealed, *a la* "The Forty Thieves," and the Turks yield to the superior force, and Fresh is triumphant.

John T. Raymond, who wore at interviews a number of new suits of clothes of the latest style, and a light wig with the hair parted in the middle, succeeded in giving an excellent portraiture of the young man about town, and acted with a good deal of dash and spirit. He introduced a little Irish jargon, very aptly used, and the fun he created was almost incessant. His character as yet is a skeleton. As he can do pretty much as he likes and say what he pleases without interfering with the other characters, it would be well to fix a limit to which the role may be padded. There is now and then a trace of the Sellers dialect apparent, consequent upon long identification with that part; but with the probably speedy wear off. Mr. Burkley acted the Baboy excellently. Mr. Kelly invested the Egyptian officer with the necessary fire and impetuosity of manner. George F. Devere was made up to closely resemble the published portraits of Achmet Pacha, and was dignified and courteous in manner. Wm. Cullington as the Hebrew banker gave an excellent bit of characteracting, being life-like and natural. Chas. W. Butler, who was billed during the early part of the week as John Vitech, made the greatest success of his professional career as the chief eunuch, his make-up being a most artistic study and his acting quite droll. Lewis Baker did well as the servant Adolph, but the character soon dropped out of sight. J. W. Archer and Master Chas. Perham (as Water Lily as 'coon) discharged their slight duties satisfactorily. Miss Laura Don displayed some elegant toilets, and delivered her burlesque speeches with apparently unconscious knowledge of their humor. Miss Lizzie Creese made a charming Flora, and displayed much taste in her costumes. Miss Laura Bascomb was pert and pretty in her single scene, and the other ladies gave graphic pictures of ladies of the harem.

SALVINI played Macbeth for the first time in America on the nights of Feb. 10, 12, in Booth's Theatre, and the result was disappointing. His impersonation was lacking in weirdness and spirituality, and in the dignified manner of delivering his lines, which should ever be associated with poetical tragedy. In his scenes with Lady Macbeth he was colloquial, and at other times he adopted the manners of the modern school of acting popularly styled "natural." He did not impress his auditors, that his whole life was influenced by his interview with the witches. In makeup and costume he differed essentially from all previous representatives of the character in this country. He wore a wig of long, tangled, dark hair, a full beard parted in the centre, and a helmet of polished metal, surmounted by wings, which gave him a colossal appearance. In the earlier scenes he wore a short tunic, for the King's dress a longer one of white material, with a mantle of rich fabric of a light reddish tint, and in the last act he assembled in a dressing-gown, which sloped on either side from the neck, and do vnward, and, as he wore no breech cloth over his flesh-colored tights, the effect was somewhat peculiar, particularly after the fight, when he lay upon his face with his feet toward the audience. There was nothing positively new in his business, save, possibly, that at the end of the cauldron scene with the witches, when he fell prostrate and apparently insensible. For the introduction of *three murderers* and the stabbing of Banquo with daggers in the sight of the audience, he has the authority of the stage directions published in Shakespeare; also for Banquo's appearance, after his murder, in the place reserved for Macbeth in the banquet-scene. His envelope of the head and face in his mantle after Banquo's second appearance has frequently been done before. In the combat scene both Macbeth and Macduff fought with two swords, a clumsy and absurd device, and a short basket-hilted one—but the fight was not so effective as generally given. In the dagger-scene he failed to arouse any enthusiasm; but after the murder, in the speeches upon sleep, he stirred the audience, into genuine applause. He was not seen at his best in the banquet-scene. At times he pitched his voice in too high a key and spoke in a whining tone. Possibly too much was expected of Salvini in this role; but his impersonation cannot be classed as equal to those great efforts of which he has given us in "Saul," "La Morte Civile," "Othello" and "The Gladiator." The tragedy was wretchedly mounted, many of the scenes being recognized as having been especially painted for other pieces, and being inappropriate to the purposes for which they were now used. Marie Prescott was overweighted as Lady Macbeth. She delivered many of her speeches in a whisper, and, although she occasionally made stage tradition in her business, she lacked dignity and force of character. The support, though somewhat uneven, may be pronounced fair as legitimate acting goes nowadays. The cast is appended: Duncan, T. M. Hunter; Malcolm, Leslie Gossin; Donalbain, G. A. Warren; Banquo, H. A. Weaver; Macduff, Harry Crisp; Rosse, A. D. Billings; Lenox, N. D. Jones; Angus, Frank Kilday; Fleance, Miss L. Thorpe; Siward, J. Daily; Young Siward, L. C. Brown; Seton, Charles Mason; Porter, W. F. Owen; Physician, J. H. Ring; Bleeding Sergeant, D. Vanderen; An Officer, F. Hardy; First Murderer, C. H. Smith; Second Murderer, P. A. Nanney; Third Murderer, F. Peters; Lady Macbeth, Miss Marie Prescott; Gentlewoman, Mrs. H. A. Weaver; Hecate, Mrs. E. L. Davenport; First Witch, Miss Ellie Wilton; Second Witch, Miss Julia Stewart; Third Witch, Miss L. Kellogg. "Othello" was acted Feb. 7, "Ingomar" 9, and "Enoch Arden" at the other performances, the Salvini season terminating with the week.

"OTHO" attracted a large attendance to the Grand Opera-house during the second and last week of its run. H. M. Pitt having been relegated to Wallack's Theatre, M. J. Pendleton played Lieut. Angus McAllister Feb. 5 and since.

ALF BURNETT is now in the third week of a very successful engagement at Bunnell's Museum, where his performances are one of the attractive features.

HARRIGAN & HART have no reason to complain of the patronage extended to "The Mulligan Guards' Nominee" at the Theatre Comique during its final representations.

"FRESH THE AMERICAN," a farce in four acts, arranged by Archibald C. Gunter for John T. Raymond, was originally acted in the Park Theatre Feb. 7, and during the week it attracted a large attendance. We give the cast: Ferdinand Nervy Fresh, John T. Raymond; Baron Alexis Boschovitch, E. J. Buckley; Mahomet Ali, Walter Kelly; Achmet Pacha, George F. Devere; Mathias Mannasah, William Cullington; Zazarack, C. W. Butler; Adoph, Lewis Baker; Doria, J. W. Archer; Water Lily, Master Charles Parham; Erema Almi, Miss Laura Don; Flora, la Marchese della Floresta, Miss Lizzie Creese; Helene, Miss Laura Bascomb; Zenora, Miss May Gallagher; Lalla, Miss Julia Evarts; Miriam, Miss Lillie Yale; Sadia, Miss Andrews. The four sets of scenery (one to each act) used have been freshly painted and were very handsome; that of the first act, representing the interior of the Hotel des Anglais, with a view of the harbor by moonlight, in Nice, France; that used in the second act depicting the boudoir of La Marchesa, overlooking the gardens of the ex-Khedive, and presenting in the distance a highly effective view of the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in the background; and that of the last act, the gardens of the ex-Khedive, bordering on the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius being seen in eruption, were the scenes of Phil. Goatcher, and reflected great credit upon his artistic skill. Henry E. Hoyt of Booth's Theatre deserves commendation for the very pretty scene displayed in the third act, the interior of Achmet Pacha's harem in the palace of the ex-Khedive. The piece demands little attention, as its events are highly improbable, and it is composed of old material revamped. For example, the trunk scene in "Fresh" is the same as recalls the similar scene in "Fatinitza," and the character of Erema is in part an imitation of Belinda Treherne in Gilbert's "Engaged." That the piece will prove a satisfactory vehicle for the talents of Mr. Raymond will be conceded by many who have seen his performance, and Fresh and the Baron conceal themselves in the trunk. Erema, from the box refuses to fly with him because her marriage with him was not legal, while that with Mahomet Ali was. Flora comes upon the scene to witness, as she thinks, Fresh's punishment; but he delivers her to Achmet as his slave, and she is seized by the eunuchs. The Baron, holding Flora's watch chain, belonging to his daughter which Erema had given to Fresh, demands to know the name of the officer who gave it to Erema, when Mahomet Ali declares that responsibility and is immediately challenged by the Baron, and they go at once to fight a duel. The Baron speedily returns with the tidings that he has slain his opponent, when Erema rushes to the arms of Fresh and consents to fly with him..... Achmet summons his guards, when suddenly a number of American sailors armed with muskets spring out of barrels, where they had been concealed, *a la* "The Forty Thieves," and the Turks yield to the superior force, and Fresh is triumphant.

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r" was produced at Haverly's
N. Y., Feb. 7, with the follow-
ochat, Joseph E. Whiting; Dr.
emoyne; William Fargis, F. F.
Fargis, Owen Fawcett; Charles
Decker; Laurent, W. H. Wilder;
ark, Lysander Thompson; M.
ntgomery; M. Clavaron, Alfred
Andrew Jacques; Kelly, W. H.
S. Quigley; Julien, W. Morse;
s; Robert, — Jones; Lea Hender-
; Esther Henderson, Florence
ers, Louise Sylvester; Arabella
e Clayton; Ellen, Netta Guion.
that used at the original pro-
in New York City. Business w s
United Mastodon Minstrels, who
England, beg n an engagement at
's "Widow Bedott" Comedy C m-
t the Park Theatre "Hazel Kirke"
owded houses by the Madison-
raveling Company. The scenery
re all that could have been desir-
on this week is Gus Williams,
" will be presented 21.....At the
rank Mayo appeared in "Van the
y quite unworthy of the star.
h. The drama was put upon
cellent style. Mr. Mayo will
rockett" this week, and will
by Bartley Campbell's "Gal-
ination.....At the Olympic
d appeared in "The Boy Scout"
ess. Maggie Weston opens 14 in
e Detective."....."The Colleen
roduced 17 at the Academy of
the Poor Artists" Fund of the
S. Henderson will personate
en, and J. J. McCloskey will act
.....Jay Rial's "Uncle Tom's
ion will play at the Academy
The project of a new theatre
trict to be under the manage-
rry, the present lessee of the
, has been discussed, and it is
otations are already in progress
of a site for the proposed build-
it is said, will be ready in time

RD is his drama of "California
alley" was the principal attrac-
Theatre, Philadelphia, the past
s also a specialty company in
and Jones, McCarthy and Monroe,
John B. Wills and May Adams,
, Wood and Beasley, and Hawley
pen Feb. 14. Geo. C. Charles in
keleton Hand," Stirk's Troupe of
Bicycle-riders, French Twin Sis-
illiams, Clark and Edwards, Bar-
oyd and Kate Stanton. Business

fair at the Arch-street Theatre,
ing Mr. and Mrs. McKee Ran-
last week there, which closed
anites" was given throughout,
ing the production with new
ences were large and enthu-
Clarke will follow the "Tourists"
as Dr. Pangloss in "The Heir-
s in the drama of that name.
ania, Pa., opened Monday. "The
four nights of the past week at
etre, Washington, D. C., to over-
The play was admirably pre-
Winkle" was given the remain-
Goodwin Rollins's company
's Opera-house Willie Edouin's
appeared to full houses in
in a Photograph Gallery."
, Philadelphia, had crowded
, the week ending Monday and
bill being "Ours," "Frou-Frou"
Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and
s. Feb. 14 there will be produced
on any stage "The Jilt," Sis-
ad witnessed whereby the author
and other dramatic works. It
ery evening and Wednesday and
ons of the week, "Camille" being
her afternoon.
upported by Lindley's Company,
cademy of Music, Halifax, N. S.,
pa," to a very large audience.
to draw after the third performa-
rench Spy" was substituted 4 and

LLACE-VILLA COMBINATION is to
wn, Ind., Feb. 18, New Castle 19,

and company began a week's
Texas, Feb. 7. Oliver Doud Byron

had an engagement with Mr. De
a-house in Atlanta, Ga., to play
there commencing Monday 14.
adding to strong public pressure,
h Mr. Nobles in order that Bern-
there that night; consequently
ed his route, as follows: Macon,
n 12, West Point 14, Opelika, Ala.,
. 16, Montgomery, Ala., 17, 18,
20, for one week.
will be seen in "Miss" in Minne-
, 21, 22, 23, St. Paul, Minn., 24,
Wis., 28, Dubuque, Ia., March 1,
es Moines 3, Omaha, Neb., 4, Lin-

R and her combination played in
7, Aurora 8, Batavia 9, Elgin 10,
kford 12.
co's "HUMPTY DUMPTY" amused
mpaign, Ill., Feb. 7. Decatur 8,
ardstown 10, Macomb 11, Gales-

E'S COMBINATION performed its
7, 8, Utica 9, Rochester 10, 11, 12,
d in Mobile, Ala., Feb. 7, 8. Mont-
nta, Ga., 11, 12, but was detained
ew Orleans for a few days,
EASURE PARTY intend playing in
eb. 14, Watertown 15, Canton, N.
, Newark, N. J., 18, 19, Boston,
weeks.
PLE are wanted by Wm. Abbey,
ses that he wants to purchase a

"HUMPTY DUMPTY," with George
wn, is billed in Savannah, Ga.,
arleston, S. C., 17, 18, 19.
ER" is the title of a new five-act
le by J. M. Richards, or he would
managers who will produce it on
address in another column.
's COMBINATION play this week
lence to Cottage, N. J., Feb. 21,
renton, N. J., 23, Lancaster, Pa.,
arrisburg 26.
RATTON'S "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"
yed to the house, Feb. 11, Upper
lence to Bucyrus 14, Forest
17, Delphus 18, Vanwert 19, Fort
Huntington 21.
W. H. LINGARD were to have left
and expect to arrive in San Fran-
The comedies "Stolen Kisses"
will be the principal attractions
eir season in this country. They
as per card.
HENRY OSBORNE and their dram-
e to play in Hazleton, Pa., Feb.
itchell left in Scranton, going to

s advertises for a dramatic com-
ring the Summer season at the
Home Dayton, O. Mr. Adams is
mpleton Star Alliance, which per-
, Texas, Feb. 15, 16, Tyler 19, 20,
brevenort, La., 28, 29.
NS HAVANA.—Our correspondent
ions are being received for a sea-
formances at the Tacon Theatre
rdt, commencing about Feb. 24.
rapidly."
H WEIDERELL was buried from
his brother-in-law, J. Fred Zim-
rd street, above Fifteenth, Phila-
on of Feb. 9. The burial services
ch were conducted at the house
Rev. Jos. Wm. Ashton, associate
P. E. church, southeast corner of
rry streets, who made some appro-
bout the life and character of the
oral offerings were numerous and
nterment took place in Mount

, now a legitimate actress, but for-
wn in the variety business as a
ger, recently presented her hus-
ently, the soubrette of Thatcher &
eis, Philadelphia, with a fine girl
hortly be christened Frank Wade
of Dr. Frank H. Wade, a Philadel-
who is an intimate friend of her
ill be the fourth professional in-
n named for the doctor within as

The Brook" at the Chestnut-street
bbia, the past week, were Sals-
hours. Houses fair.....The Mad-
atre Company will present "Hazel

of Clarke's "Two Orphan" Com-
th erysipelas at the Joslin House,
where she has been since that com-
ere, Jan. 29. Her husband, O. W.
dian of the company, rejoined her
h until his wife is able to be moved.
RNATION played in Virden, Miss.,
rrant 12, 14, 15, going to Kosciusko
n 19, 21, 22.
and company played "A Messenger
ction" in the Academy of Music,
the past week to good business.
the State" Combination is an-
a week..... The Fisk Jubilee
nd Salvini 17, are to perform in St.

and a lady organist and vocalist,
de and double character sketches.
. Randall Brown, who advertises,
is is requested to write again.
n is sojourning in Buffalo, N. Y.,
osed a successful season in the

AMUSEMENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., up to Feb. 4, are thus reviewed by our correspondent: "'Nisida' was produced for the first time in San Francisco at the Bush-street Theatre 3 to a large and fashionable audience, with the following strong cast: Nisada, Miss Emelie Melville; Mercedes, Miss Louisa Lester; Mignela, Dora Muhlbach; Carmen, Miss Tillie Vaterga; Palestro, Max Freeman; Montiel, Alonzo Hatch; Barnacle, Tom Casselli; Rinaldo, A. Henderson; Rinaldini, E. N. Knight; Reodrigo, Fred Bockel. Miss Melville as the willful and wayward Nisada was sprightly and coquettish, and rendered her music in her usual true and conscientious style. Miss Lester as Mercedes was fair, but Max Freeman as Palestro was hardly acceptable. He apparently does not forget that he once made a hit in 'The Royal Middy,' and cannot forbear from introducing Don Januario ever since. Alonzo Hatch appeared to advantage as Montiel, and Tom Casselli carried off the second honors as the impresario, his performance of which was more than a success. The rest of the cast was moderately good. The mechanical effects, especially those of the hurricane scene in the last act, were realistic and true to nature. Forrest Seaburg deserves special praise for the fine scenic effects, especially three scenes in which the distinctive features of tropical scenery are artistically presented. The costumes, from Jahn, are historically correct and deserving of praise. From present indications the opera can be retained as the attraction until March 2, when Hooley's Mastodon Minstrels are expected. .....In consequence of the inundations in the interior, Manager Locke has changed his intentions of sending his opera company on the contemplated tour, and has almost completed negotiations whereby they are to appear in Baldwin's Theatre in 'Olivette' March 2..... LATER.—No theatre in this city ever did a slimmer business than has the Baldwin during the past week. An unattractive bill and incompetent acting frightened away the many who have heretofore suffered and endured the hastily prepared entertainments furnished at this once first-class theatre. 'Evelthon' was revived 3. Notwithstanding its former production, it was far from being a pecuniary success, and attracted only those whose duties called them to the theatre. 'Led Astray' was presented 4, on the occasion of J. R. Grismer's benefit, and was retained for the rest of the week; but it failed to attract the paying public. In consequence of the failure of Mr. Maguire to comply with the most vital and necessary portion of the contract, the Leavitt Burlesque-opera Company will not appear at the Baldwin 7, as originally promised, and George Darrell, just arrived from Australia, has been engaged for four weeks to fill the void. He will make his first appearance 7 in 'Back from the Grave.' John A. Stevens and his company made their first appearance at the Standard Jan. 31 in 'Passion's Slave,' but neither the actor nor the play can be said to have made a hit. As Manuel De Foe Mr. Stevens rants and roars at the beginning of the play in a manner that would change the love of any sensible girl into hate. Miss Helen Bythe was expected to create quite a furor, which she failed to do, and only when away from the glittering, steadfast eye of Stevens did she appear to play with that naturalness attributed to her by Eastern friends. Davenport Bebus was a handsome villain, but was not wicked enough to suit our audiences. J. W. Summers was very good as Walter Roseleaf, and played the part of the tramp in excellent style. Miller has not appeared to advantage as Slightbuild, but will doubtless appear to better advantage when he grows acquainted. Miss Angie Griffith as Gracie Toogood carried off whatever honors have been bestowed, and has made the hit of the play. She appears to be a pleasing actress, and promises to be a great favorite with our public before the termination of her engagement. The play is announced for another week..... Sam'l of Posen' was the attraction at Dickson's Grand Opera-house 7, 8, 9 and matinee. 'My Partner' was produced 10, for the remainder of the week. The Soldene Comic-opera Company in Wolvetter Hall, Bush-street, commences its Carnival 14, 19 and matinee.....The Park Theatre is in preparation for the Mænnerchor Carnival 18, the arrangements for which have been almost entirely in the hands of James B. Hickson, who made a special trip to New York to secure novelties for the occasion..... The institution of a lodge of Elks in this city is now a fixed fact, the managers and others connected with our places of amusement, as well as a number of prominent business men, taking a lively interest in the matter."

"VOYAGERS IN SOUTHERN SEAS" was put on the stage in handsome style at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., the past week, and drew a good attendance. The flying act was well received a decided sensation. The spectacle will be continued another week.....Nat Goodwin's "Hobbies" drew fairly at the Holliday-street Theatre, strong company strength considered, and will be repeated 21 on hand. Write particulars. (Signed) T. MAGUIRE."

"Hi, Jenny, Ho, Jenny Johnson," Gale and French... 40c.
"Razors in the Air" ("Get Away from dat Window"), Maxwell..... 35c.
"Melodious Madelaine," Bobby Newcomb..... 40c.
"Little Wife Nelly," Kennedy..... 40c.
"The Railroad Conductors," Dumont and Mullaly.... 40c.

I am once wrote particulars, and received the following letter from Maguire, in reply:

"M. B. LEAVITT, ESQ.—I am surprised and astonished to see your dispatch. Well, I can easy guess the cause of it. From your letter who discuss Locke & Haverly. Now, just let me know by return mail if I aint right. The same parties advised Colville to go to Locke, and by writing to Colville can find out if it made $20,000 difference to him. I have no object in fooling with you, and you can rely on your contract being carried out. I want you to answer this letter on receipt, and let me know who [illegible] Widow Bedott 19.....Buffalo Bill turned away gallery people in "Prairie Wait" at Rand's 9. William Altstadt played Hans, instead of Jule Keen, who was billed.

AT THE LELAND OPERA-HOUSE, Albany, N. Y., Mary Anderson concluded Feb. 12 one of the most profitable engagements known in the history of the theatre. Our correspondent says: "The orchestra were compelled to vacate their position, and the parquette was converted into a stage, on which the entire company appeared to full houses at every performance, while on several occasions numbers were unable to obtain accommodations of any description. 'Ingomar' was acted 7, 'Evadne' 8, 'The Hunchback' 9, 'The Lady of Lyons' 10, 'As You Like It' afternoon and 'Ion' night 12. Willie Edouin's Sparks Company open 14, for one week.....Buffalo Bill in 'The Prairie Waif' appeared in Martin Hall 8, under the local management of George W. Oliver, to a great house. Lessee Locke controls the time, and Runnells with this organization. Haverly's 'Widow Bedot' Company are due 15, 16.....Salvini in 'The Gladiator' at Tweddle Hall 15."

"THE LEGION OF HONOR" was played in the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Feb. 9, 10, 11, 12, and "Deacon Crankett" in the Detroit 10, 11, 12. The Grand announces "My Geraldine" 14, 15, 16, 17, "The Guv'nor" 18 and matinee 19, Salvini 19, Charlotte Thompson 21, 22, 23, Mahn's company in "Boccaccio" 24, 25, 26. "A Child of the State" 28, March 1, 2, Sara Bernhardt 4, 5.

THE REPERTORY for Kate Claxton's season in Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., last week, comprised "The Two Orphans," "The Snow Flower" and "Frou-Frou." The attendance was large.....Aldrich and Parsloe in "My Partner" are to open in the Opera-house Feb. 14.

JANE COOMBS and company are due in Akron, O., Feb. 14. Wooster 15, Mt. Vernon 16. Newark 17, Columbus 18, 19. Lancaster 21. Hamilton 22, Dayton 23. Springfield 24. Xenia 25. London 26.

JANE COOMBS AND COMPANY commenced a three nights' engagement at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Feb. 10, producing "Daniel Rochat" before large audiences. M. B. Curtis opens 14, for one week.....Joseph Jefferson begins a week's engagement at the Opera-house 14.

THE BOSTON (MASS.) MUSEUM COMPANY perform "The Guv'nor" in Salem, Mass., Feb. 14. Waltham 15, Lynn 16, Pawtucket, R. I., 17, Providence 18, 19, New Bedford, Mass., 21, Haverhill 22, Exeter 23, Rockton 24, River 25, Portsmouth, N. H., 26. The cast includes Messrs. Warren, Barron, Wilson, Marion, Ham, Hogle, Mrs. J. R. Vincent and Norah Bartlett in their original characters, Theodore being assigned to Frank Carter; Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Ward, Jellicoe, J. R. Pitman; Gregory, J. S. Maffitt Jr.; Vellum, W. E. Davis; Cantle, Orson Dunn; Carrie, Gertie Blanchard; Kate, Louise Paulin; and Barbara, Lizzie Jeremy.

THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE in Lawrence, Mass., built by the Boston and Lowell Railroad Company, and completed last month, is still tenantless, and no definite arrangements for its dedication have been made, though it was announced some time ago that John Stetson had secured the house for the opening.

A DRAMATIZATION OF "MICHAEL STROGOFF" entitled "The Courier of the Czar, or the Siege of Irkutsk," has recently been copyrighted by Mark Allen of Woburn, Mass.

CHARLES FORBES' COMEDY COMPANY is reported as doing a fine business. The Gardners, who have replaced the Cotton Family, are giving the utmost satisfaction, and the press speak in a eulogistic way of the attractions offered by this troupe. Manager Forbes publishes several notices of the performances in this issue.

THE TERMS for an engagement in the business department of a theatre, or with a traveling troupe.

J. A. L. wants an engagement with a combination. He advertises that he is a novice.

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TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Postal orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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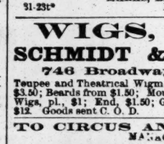

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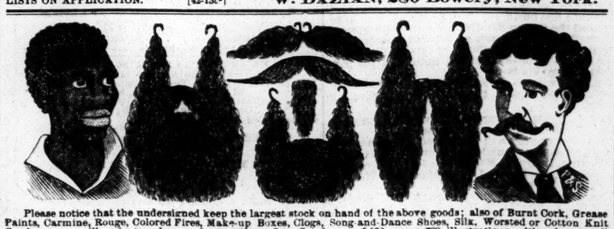

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